

GOMEZ

AND

ELEONORA:

TRANSLATED FROM A

SPANISH MANUSCRIPT.

*Insensés, qui vous plaignez sans cesse de la Nature,
apprenez que tous vos Maux viennent de vous !*

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

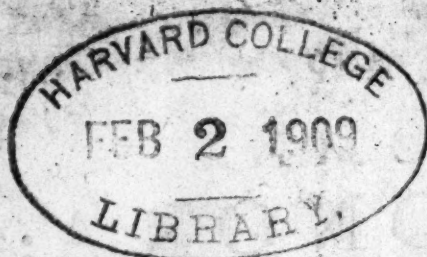
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GOMEZ

AND

ELEONORA.

GOMEZ was only roused from his rêverie by a person who drew his coat. He turned round and perceived Maria, but could not utter a word. She was prudent from a sense of his danger, addressed him by a different name, took his arm, and led him from the church to the gardens behind the convent.

The duenna assured him of her friendship, and told him she had seen him

from the beginning of the moving ceremony, which she had attended from her affection to her Eleonora; and whom she had visited daily since her entrance in the convent, and with whom she had often recalled those happy days, in which he had pledged his affection to her. Gomez again protested his affection, told her he risked his life in her pursuit; desired her to carry his wishes, his hopes, and his love to her, while fresh in her memory; and, if she could bear but a spark of the energy with which he felt and expressed them, his desires would be accomplished. "Go," said Gomez, "tell her how I long to prove my affection unabated. Teach her, Maria, confidence in my truth. But she has no ungenerous distrust. Tell her that my only hope is centred in her; to write to me all that her heart suggests, to unbosom all her thoughts to me, and to repose with confidence in Gomez' honour. A settlement shall make

“ make you happy, Maria ; but be
“ careful of Eleonora, and balm the
“ sorrows of my accomplished darling.
“ Meet me here to-morrow.” Maria
promised to wait on him ; and, after
appointing the time, they parted.

Eleonora was taken to her apartment,
and the physician of the convent was sent
for. Her illness was attended with deli-
rium. Her amiable and lovely friend
Angelica no longer existed to console,
in her turn, her sweet companion Eleo-
nora. A few days after she had begun
the recital of her adventures, it was
reported in the convent, that she had
been found dead in her bed. The cere-
mony of burial was performed in the
usual manner, and she was interred in
the cemetery of the nunnery. Eleono-
ra wept over her tomb, as she thought
her dead. The superiors of the con-
vent had circulated such a report, and
had gone through the funeral ceremony,

in order to save the honour of their house. While they were in the act of digging her grave, she was happy in the arms of her lover.

Thus deprived of her friend, when intervals of reason gave her a respite, she bewailed her loss. Her fever continued long and violent, and she was once more at the point of death. Her mother's death, which was carefully concealed from her, happened at this period, or it would have certainly ended her sufferance. Eleonora will be thought to have borne her share of the sufferings attendant on humanity, when we recall her misfortunes from puberty upwards. Torn from the man she had chosen; and, from the docility of her temper and the desire of complying with solicitation, obliged to retire to a convent, to take a veil, and, at the moment of consummating the ceremony, to be driven to madness by the presence of her long-lost enraptured lover.

ver. Sometimes a lucid interval whispered future pleasure; but the fond thought was transient: the young desire played around her for the moment, when weakness created apprehension, and despair changed to madness.

In this situation the duenna found her when she returned to the convent. She found her in a kind of stupor when the fever had abated, and forbore to speak to her till she was fully satisfied that she was sensible of her presence. Maria attended her with a mother's diligence, and left her but a moment to keep her appointment with Gomez, whom she acquainted with her indisposition; and only told him that she was too unwell to hear his name mentioned. Gomez conjured her to double her attention, and they parted with a promise of again shortly meeting.

Returned to the convent, she was cautioned not to enter the room, as the *Sister Taresina* (which was the name that Eleonora had substituted for her own, according to the custom) had fallen asleep, which was long and uninterrupted, and recruited her strength and expedited her recovery. The fever had abated; and, from that time, her convalescence was progressive; and, in few days after, she spoke to Maria with calmness and composure on the cause of her delirium: that she had seen her Gomez, but that he had long forgotten her; but that she had treasured in her heart his protested vows, and only wished "Dearest
" Eleonora," said Maria, "I have seen
" the fond man; and it would take me
" years to tell you what he ran over in a
" moment, with an energy and fire that
" overwhelmed me. Let me only say,
" and believe me, he is still your's, the
" unaltered Gomez. He has traversed
" Europe

“ Europe since you have seen him, and
 “ has ventured to return at the risk of
 “ his life.” — “ Where is he?” said
 Eleonora, and fainted.

When she had recovered, the du-
 enna explained by degrees the disguise
 he had assumed, the visits he had made.
 “ O my Maria! how shall I thank you
 “ for this kindness, this sweet informa-
 “ tion? Where is he? When shall
 “ I see him? How shall I go to him?”
 — “ No, Eleonora, you would risk a
 “ discovery, and endanger his life.” —
 “ Oh, not for worlds!” — “ Where he
 “ is I am ignorant,” said Maria, “ but
 “ it is sufficient that he knows where
 “ you are. I shall see him in a few
 “ days: in the mean time you may write
 “ to him, which will relieve your dis-
 “ tracted and agitated mind, and speed
 “ comfort to his expectant bosom. Com-
 “ pose yourself, my dear, and you shall
 “ shortly see him.” — Eleonora threw

her arms round her neck, and her tears spoke her gratitude. "I will do as you desire. Yes, my Maria! I will write to him, and I shall see him; but I shall be regulated by you; I will leave every thing to your discretion."

Gomez was disappointed of seeing Maria for some days, and he trembled for Eleonora's health. He walked from morning till night in the gardens of the convent, with his Petrarch in his pocket, which he occasionally looked at, in order to calm the anxiety of expectation. He sometimes pictured her in the arms of death, and was wild enough to imagine a design of entering the convent, and taking one last farewell; but his reason soon corrected the mad intention. At last, Maria appeared, and Gomez would have shewn his anger at her neglect, had not pleasure, and the desire of news from Eleonora, outweighed his resentment,

resentment. Maria told him that Eleonora had been dangerously ill, and that it had been impossible to leave her till the moment of her arrival, and presented him with her letter. Gomez kissed the superscription, and the tears rolled down his face. He ran it over several times before he knew what it said, but the words coming from her were sufficient to make him happy. He then inquired particularly about her health, and the nature of her complaint; but the answers that were made to his inquiries were given with an air of mystery. He then read her letter again, and exulted in the favour, but still was irritated at the duenna's concealment, and tore the blank leaves from his Petrarch, and wrote her the following answer: —

“ O thou darling of my heart! how
“ shall I reach expressions to thank thee
“ for this favour! how attain language
“ adequate to those fond emanations of
“ that lovely, that all-perfect, mind!
“ Eleonora!

“ Eleonora! Eleonora! how kind, how
“ persuasive, how gentle, how generous,
“ is my adored love! What sweet at-
“ tention! What a weight it has taken
“ from my heart! What an oppres-
“ sion it has relieved me from! And
“ yet, how much remains! Her let-
“ ter shines with goodness. How sweet-
“ ly does the delicate idea speak in every
“ line! How much every little word
“ recalls her to me! How like her-
“ self! Write thus, my darling! and
“ I shall attain that simplicity that can
“ alone paint affection. Give me, ah
“ give me, my divine Eleonora! give
“ me again another assurance of affec-
“ tion; write me another letter; give
“ me but one line of that magic that
“ is so touching, so full of sensibility.
“ O my Eleonora! I cannot write three
“ words consistently; I cannot tell you
“ what I have to say, though my heart
“ bursts with every tenderness which you
“ can imagine. Tell me, my dear! tell
“ me

“ me that you are well ; tell me that
“ your courage has not forsaken you.
“ My affections are ever the same ; the
“ only consolation in exile. Cherished
“ in silence, irritated by combat, they
“ are grown more ardent by persecu-
“ tion. Yes, my Eleonora ! my uncon-
“ scious beauty ! yes, my ever-amiable
“ woman ! How much I wanted this
“ consolatory letter, where all tenderness
“ is so delicately portrayed ! I hold it
“ in my hand ; my eyes run over it with
“ delight ; I kiss it ; I cry : I read it
“ again ; I breathe again ; it gives me
“ new life. How ingenuous ! how ini-
“ mitable ! how energetic ! how ardent !
“ and it exalts my mind to the same
“ elevation. I forget my own situation
“ and your’s ; my misfortunes and your’s ;
“ my uneasiness, my fears ; all, all ; but
“ I see you ; I fly to your arms, and the
“ illusion vanishes ; my eyes fall on my-
“ self ; I perceive my situation, and the
“ tears inundate my face ; salutary tears,
“ softened

“ softened only by the hope that you
“ yourself create. Yes, my Eleonora!
“ believe your Gomez, that his love for
“ you is the support and source of his
“ life. You were very sorrowful, though,
“ my Eleonora! when you wrote to me :
“ but calm the dear agitated bosom ;
“ of one thing you may be assured, that
“ my mind is much more at ease. Then
“ console yourself, my sweet sparkler!
“ Reciprocal advice, my Eleonora! will
“ increase our happiness, or rather diminish
“ our misfortunes. But, in the
“ mean time, tell me, my angel! tell
“ me what confines you. Oh, tell me,
“ tell me, I entreat you, by all that is
“ dear to you, tell me from your own
“ mouth ; but do not deceive me ; above
“ all, do not disguise any thing from me ;
“ give me true and particular details ;
“ tell me your situation, and how you
“ find yourself ; but do not write to
“ me, but when you can without fatigue
“ or inconvenience. O my heart’s comfort!

“ fort! think that you are another self,
 “ think that you are the half of Go-
 “ mez, and that it is on his life that you
 “ will attempt in not taking care of your
 “ own: think but thus, my Eleonora!
 “ and as, by your wishes, you direct my
 “ opinion, my darling will follow my
 “ advice, and I am confident. I foresee
 “ and pierce through the cloud that sur-
 “ rounds us; and, as we have long been
 “ united by sentiment, we shall be by
 “ love. Oh, no joy, no wish of exis-
 “ tence, no thought, can reach this har-
 “ rowed heart, but that fond hope which
 “ still animates me. My Eleonora, a-
 “ dieu! adieu, my only love! my heart’s
 “ idol! my Eleonora! I have no more
 “ paper.”

Thank Heaven!

The letter was given to Maria to carry
 to Eleonora. Gomez entreated her as-
 sistance to see her, and suggested a hun-
 dred means, which were all rejected.
 He accused her of coldness, and she him
 of

of being too sanguine. She thought every scheme impracticable, and he thought every obstacle surmountable.

In every great design the end should be seen with ardour and enthusiasm, in order to insure success. The end not attained, the project we treat with contempt, and the projector is consigned to obloquy, while the chance might have made him a hero. Had Cæsar lost Pharsalia, the world had condemned him for passing the Rubicon. Cæsar was as great a lover as a warrior. Mark Antony renounced the sceptre, and clasped the world in Cleopatra's zone. He forgot his defeat at Actium, and her beauteous self, the very cause, became more endearing by his ruin.

Non fuggeno, non teme, il fier non teme,
Ma segue lei, che fugge, e seco il tira.
Vedresti lui simile ad huom che freme,
D'amore a un tempo, e di virgogna e dira,
Mirar alternamente or la crudele
Pugna, ch' è in dubbio, or le fuggenti vele.

Ne

Ne le latebre poi del Nilo accolto,
Attender par in grembo a lei la morte,
E nel piacer d'un bel leggiadro volto
Sembra che'l duro fato egli conforte.*

Gomez passed his time in his usual fretful and anxious manner during the intervals of Maria's appointments, who at last acceded to a plan suggested by him; and, in the dress of a woman, he intended to personate one of Eleonora's aunts, and by this disguise obtain admission to the convent.

* Yet fled not he, nor fight from fear forsook,
But follow'd her, drawn on by fond desire;
Well might you see, within his troubled look,
Strive and contend love, courage, shame, and ire.
Oft look'd he back, oft gaz'd he on the fight,
But oft'ner on his mistress and her flight.

Then, in the secret creeks of fruitful Nile,
Cast in her lap, he would sad death await;
And, in the pleasure of her lovely smile,
Sweeten the bitter stroke of cursed fate.

FAIRFAX'S TASSO.

Eleonora

Eleonora returned an answer to the last letter, and, through the means of Maria, Gomez had always another ready to return to her. She received the news of the projected visit with transport, though Maria feared that she would be scarce able to bear the joy that it would necessarily occasion.

The day arrived, and Gomez went to the duenna's house, where every thing was ready for his disguise. He dressed himself like an old woman, was then saluted by the name of Donna Velasques de Salpedro, and assisted in mounting the step of her carriage, which was ordered to the convent. When their arrival was announced, and leave was obtained to see the *Sister Taresina*, they alighted from the carriage, and waited in the parlour. Gomez suppressed his emotions so effectually, that, when Eleonora came to the grate, she remained for some moments
in

in doubt, till disguise was no longer necessary. He then seized her hand, and asked her if she did not recognize her Gomez? Eleonora sighed, and the colour hurried into her face. He kissed her hands with vehemence, and repeatedly said, "Do I see my Eleonora? "Is it herself? — Who is it? — Eleonora! . . ." She sighed, but could make no answer. "Light of my life! "my all that is dear to me! speak to "me! are you mine? My Eleonora!" He still glewed his lips to her hand, and seemed as if he fed on it. She still blushed, but could make no reply. The sweet carnation hue that tinged her cheek was the mute language of her heart, the effect of sensibility.

Gomez quickly perceived the dumb, though energetic, colloquy of the soul, and pressed her no farther for a reply, but still looked at her with earnest attention, till the tears inundated his face, and

and he again kissed her hand. "Dear
" hand," he said, " that first fastened
" her image around me, and gave me
" a charmed life that has surpassed dan-
" ger, otherwise insurmountable; and
" that has brought me back to return
" thanks to my tutelary saint, the dar-
" ling of my heart. And let him assure
" her of his unchanged affection, as he
" is conscious to himself of inviolable
" constancy. And be confident, my
" Eleonora, so often repeated, that my
" hopes (shall I say our's ?) increase every
" day, and I shall have means of sup-
" porting . . . O Eleonora ! my heart
" bleeds when I touch on this subject ;
" though all is your's, yet all I have is
" little, though it shall be accompa-
" nied with love unequalled and beyond
" the common bounds." Eleonora
sighed, and the tear stole down her
cheek. " But my angel," rejoined Go-
mez " I hate myself for even loving so
" as to cause a tear from those lucid
" eyes.

“ eyes. Let me dry them ? ” — “ I have
“ no thought of fortune,” said Eleonora,
“ happiness will be always with you.” —
“ O prodigy of goodness ! and, with
“ these sentiments, my amiable woman
“ is to be cloistered ? and Gomez is to
“ be sensible of her misfortune without
“ being able to relieve her ? and sensi-
“ ble that his absence was the cause !
“ But my Eleonora must be mine, and
“ shall be : let time and chance shape
“ the means, which, either good or ill,
“ I care not, still, still, I will effect her
“ rescue. There is no prospect for Go-
“ mez without Eleonora. All his hap-
“ piness is in the hope of possessing her.
“ As Eleonora is the only source of his
“ felicity, there are no ties but those of
“ love that endear existence ; and, if
“ they cannot unite us, what other illu-
“ sion can enchant my heart. To love
“ is my only desire, my only duty ; and
“ that supports me ; or rather my Eleo-
“ nora, who is dearer than life itself,
“ which

“ which I will preserve but for her,
“ whom to love is all that my heart
“ desires. Yes, my darling, believe
“ me, that my supreme happiness, or
“ the last degree of misfortune, my life
“ or my death, depend on your look,
“ and Gomez asks but what her heart
“ shall dictate.”

Maria now intimated that it was particularly necessary that the conference should be short, that it might give no umbrage to observation, and that visits might be made more frequently at a future period. Gomez asked for a moment, pressed Eleonora's hands to his lips, and entreated her to write to him, which she promised; and, after the duenna had adjusted his dress, which, in his impassioned moment he had forgotten, he said Adieu! and Maria took her leave.

Eleonora retired dejected, and revolved his conversation in her mind. Gomez
accused

accused himself of coldness in his interviews, and that he had left every premeditated with untold of the myriads which distracted him in his absence.

O Fanfan! should you ever read the history of the loves of Gomez and Eleonora, you will dwell with pleasure on some scenes wherein his misfortunes are drawn from life, and your feelings will teach the analogy. You are sensible that all the evils that affect humanity are light and trivial compared with those that reach the soul and its passions. Endued with the most refined sensibility, Fanfan will hang on some passages, and give from sympathy the silent tribute of a tear to situations which can only excite pity in another's bosom. He, that has felt the blessing of being loved by a woman graced with the softest delicacy, and endowed with every talent, to whom, in burning blushes, she has owned that there are moments when love is inno-

cence and modesty is hypocrisy, has tasted of all that is the sweetest of life's best and choicest blessings; — to her let that tribute be paid, whose ambition it was to please; who, from affection, conquered her own sentiments; who laid claim to his esteem from her own combats, and to his heart from her own defeat.

And ye, whose breasts have owned the imperious sway of the tenderest of passions, recall past happiness, and imagine the situation of one to whom society and enjoyment were known only to be regretted, and with whom there still exists one small ray of hope, that, when despair prompts the hand, changes the wavering will; one spark from the torch of love, only visible to a lover's eye, to cheer the gloom through a vale of despondency.

“ O vos que sentis che cosa es dolores,

“ Venid y tomad consuelo en los mios,

“ Que

"Que en viendo su abinco, sus fuerças, sus bríos,

"Veneys que los vuestros son mucho menores!"

Gomez returned home, and ruminated on his interview. He had now passed three months in Madrid, and had no suspicion of being discovered by the inquisition.

He had constantly corresponded with Mr. Gonsalvo, who had written to him to transact his business with as much expedition as possible, and always under the name of Balthazar, with repeated injunctions for his speedy return and censures for his delay. He informed Gomez that Mr. Moles had settled in Amsterdam, at the house of his correspondent.

* "O ye, who feel the bitterness of grief! come and
 "learn relief, by seeing the force, the earnestness, and
 "the acuteness, of my distress: you will then find that
 "all your suffering is much less than mine."

Eleonora was advised by Maria to report in the convent that she had been visited by her aunt, who had always loved her with a mother's affection, and who had come to Madrid with the sole intention of seeing her, having heard of her intention to take the veil. Eleonora was hurt at being obliged to make use of deceit; but one decisive resolve was to be made, either to assent to the means of being the wife of Gomez, and to assent to flight, or to endeavour to forget him. The latter was not attainable; time cannot make a remedy by oblivion of an affection so deeply rooted, nor can love be forced from the heart, yet the prejudices of education and superstition, which had tinged her mind, made her fear to attain what she most wished.

They had another interview; and, though Eleonora was more composed than

than at first, she had still doubts, which even the love-language of Gomez could not totally dissipate: and he was more distracted with apprehension than he had been after his first visit. He regularly spent the greater part of his time in wandering in the gardens of the adjacent convents, but more particularly in one, from which he beheld the unconscious house that enshrined his goddess.

His walks were for some time unobserved, till their frequency excited attention. A venerable old monk had noticed him, and whose experience had taught him to read something, in his gesture and manners, that indicated the mind of a man that seemed indifferent to the world. He observed him, and was induced to think that he had seen him before. The old monk saluted him, and addressed him in a friendly manner. Gomez was not distrustful, and they en-

tered into conversation. The monk was much pleased with the modest manners and the literature of the stranger; and, when he had an opportunity, he examined his countenance with the curiosity of a man that was conversant with his features and the very accent of his voice, and which brought to his memory some recollections which gratitude endeared. He asked his name? "Balthazar." — His country? "Barcelona." — He shewed a peculiar and interested goodness that invited Gomez to be more cheerful; he told him that he seemed to have suffered much, but that the sorrows of youth were seldom without a remedy; he engaged confidence by expressing himself capable of the liveliest sympathy in the most pathetic expressions; and shewed a zeal that was tempered by his discretion and the novelty of their acquaintance. Gomez had every reason to recoil with horror from the sight of a priest, but there was an insinuating

ating manner in the man, that left him no other safeguard but that of caution. They parted with mutual expressions of esteem.

Gomez had endeared one of the priests of the inquisition by his sweetness of manners, and the whole of the next night was spent in ruminating on the proffered friendship of the old man, and in what manner he could be of service to him. His soul abhorred deceit, and yet he was distrustful, not by nature, but from persecution. At last, after canvassing a thousand plans that suggested themselves to his imagination, he determined to turn a recluse, hoping that, by so doing, he might attain the object of his pursuit; or, at least, he was confident that his habit and order would obtain a more ready admission to the convent of St. Francis than either an aunt or a layman. Our amiable adventurer passed the night with the restlessness of a lo-

ver. He arose early in the morning, and waited on his new acquaintance of the day before, Father Ildefonso. He was informed, that he had gone out to perform the duties of his office; and Gomez walked in the garden waiting his return, and looked with transport at the proximity of Eleonora's convent, and indulged a confidence of a free and unsuspected intercourse with her.

On Ildefonso's return, Gomez communicated his intention to him of becoming one of his holy order, and to devote himself to a monastic life. The father was not a fanatic, nor eager to make a proselyte. Far from encouraging him in his professed disposition, he seemed more than usually cold at the expressed intention; and told him, that he was unconscious of having had any conversation that could make so sudden a change in his profession or pursuits. He did not recollect that he had had any,
but

but added, that he did not mean to deter him from his resolution. He confided in his abilities sufficiently to trust that he had some motives of which he was ignorant that induced him, and that justified his conduct. He invited him to his room, to talk more at leisure on the subject.

On entering the apartment, Gomez was struck with a picture, which hung over the bed-side. He looked at it with much earnestness, and felt confirmed in his first conjecture; and, much to the surprise of the old man, he ran and kissed it. He recollected himself, and asked whose picture it was. The old man told him that it was a friend. "His name?" "Alvarado." — "My father!" and he held him in his arms. The old man shed tears, and pressed him again and again to his bosom; asked him why he deceived him, where his father was, what made him run out

cast and a wanderer, under a false and obscure name. "Father, the history of Gomez de Alvarado is long, and one continued tale of persecution and misery." Ildefonso wept.

A long silence ensued, and Ildefonso solicited him, with the warmest expressions of friendship, to make him the confident of his misfortunes if he still had any; but that, if they had gone by, and he was happy, he would no longer entreat the relation of circumstances which might be conjectured to proceed from curiosity. Gomez was much pleased with the generous expressions of the old man, and no longer held any secret from him, but related every scene, even from his boyish years.

When he touched on the fatherly fondness of Alvarado, his tender care, his domestic occupations, a beam of joy spread itself over the grateful old man's counte-

countenance, and shone through the tears which bathed his face, like the sun piercing a cloud of water.

Ildefonso trembled when he heard of Arvesillo's treachery, and pitied Gomez for the persecution he had endured by the inquisition; while he admired his virtue and constancy not broken by the storm that burst on his devoted head; and that, glowing with all the affection that man is capable of, he still had energy and industry unshaken, during his stay in England, to procure, not splendor, yet an independance, without courting vice, or flattering the mean and great.

At last he came to his intention of taking the habit of his order, and his reasons for so doing, to carry off a nun; and the object Eleonora. The old man pressed his hand, and asked him if he believed that the lady would consent to flight. "O do not, my father, put

“ this question of conjecture. Make
“ it not the chance of a moment. I
“ have placed my fortune on the cast,
“ and, if I lose ! . . . why, then, I am
“ poor indeed. — When hope is gone,
“ then I am desperate.”

A pause ensued for some moments, and Gomez waited his reply. Ildefonso remained absorbed in thought ; and at length told him, that, if his lady consented, he had no doubt but her escape could be effected, and so privately as not to hurt the reputation of the convent, and without the necessity of his becoming a recluse. Gomez expressed the utmost gratitude for his professions.

Gomez staid to dine with his friend, who apologized to him for the indispensable necessity of his absence for a few minutes. The duties of his function required

required his presence at the reading of the lectures in the refectory.

During Ildefonso's absence, Gomez had a moment's leisure to contemplate the shadow of his lost father, and dropped a tear to his memory.

They dined and discoursed on a variety of topics while the servants waited, though Gomez was fed with expectation. The attendants retired, he asked Ildefonso how long he had been acquainted with his father, in order to draw on the only subject, on which alone he could discourse with pleasure. He told him they had been companions in the army, assured him he should hear every circumstance that he wished of his connection and friendship with him the next day. In the mean time, he said he would give him the satisfaction of telling him, that he had free access to the convent of St. Francis, and that he might hope for success

cess to his wishes. He added, that with that declaration he was confident that he was delighted, desired his attendance the next day, took an affectionate leave, and they parted. — The impassioned Gomez bounded with exultation.

He arose the next day early, and waited on the holy father, who received him with open arms; and, as the day was sultry, they went into the garden, and seated themselves near a fountain, and where the air created an evaporation and rendered a pleasant coolness.

“ My dear young friend,” said Ildefonso, “ I will only touch on the chief
“ circumstances of my life; nor keep
“ you listening to a detail of an old man,
“ that can in no way be interesting to
“ you. I am of a noble Portuguese
“ family. Bred to the army, I joined
“ the regiment in which your father
“ served as cornet at a very early age.

“ A

"A similarity of disposition soon united
 "us, and we formed an intimacy that
 "neither absence diminished, nor even
 "death could efface. We were both
 "handsome, and had all the levity and
 "intrigue attendant on youth and per-
 "son. Our regiment was ordered to
 "Lisbon, and from there to America.
 "During our stay at Lisbon, our time
 "was occupied by attendance on every
 "person of note and every species of
 "entertainment. And, among the ma-
 "ny sweet women, it was my — what
 "shall I say? — lot, misfortune, or
 "happiness, to fall in love with the
 "Duchess of Tras los Montes. She was
 "surrounded with admirers and pretend-
 "ed lovers, who were only motivated by
 "a spirit of intrigue. Mine originated
 "in friendship and esteem, and was soon
 "changed to the strongest affection,
 "which was felt before I presumed to
 "speak. It was declared, and I was
 "heard.

" But

“ But we were ordered to embark.
“ Distracted, I communicated my de-
“ spair to your dear father Alvarado.
“ His advice to leave Lisbon was reject-
“ ed. He then gave me counsel that I
“ followed. He suggested the idea of a
“ quarrel between us, in which he should
“ give me a slight wound in the arm,
“ which would detain me in Lisbon.
“ I left the subject of our dispute to his
“ management; and, as our embarka-
“ tion was to follow shortly after, we
“ had no time to lose for the accom-
“ plishment of our intention. I waited
“ on the Duchess of Tras los Montes,
“ whom I informed of the design, and
“ begged she might not be alarmed to
“ hear of our rencontre, in which I was
“ to be slightly wounded. Though de-
“ lighted with the plan, she was much
“ affected when she heard that I was to
“ receive a wound; and, only that my
“ stay was to be obtained by those
“ means,

“ means, she would have prevented their
“ execution.

“ There was a party of pleasure the
“ same evening, which many of the
“ officers of the regiment attended, and
“ among them Alvarado and myself.
“ The duchess was absent. One of the
“ officers, a great coxcomb, had his hat
“ loaded ridiculously with feathers; and
“ Alvarado said he would turn the con-
“ versation on the fool, so as to make
“ himself or his hat the subject of our
“ quarrel. He asked the marquis if his
“ feathers were swan. I conjectured,
“ and he insisted with an assumed vio-
“ lence. We both grew warm. The
“ marquis said he hoped we should not
“ quarrel about a feather. Your father
“ immediately cried, ‘ A feather is a
“ puppy! a straw!’ And, after a few
“ words of altercation, I drew my sword
“ on him, and desired him to defend
“ himself. He was acquainted with my
“ means

“ means of attack, and soon drew the
“ blood from my arm; and, after a
“ few thrusts, he wounded me a second
“ time in the side. I counterfeited ad-
“ mirably. I attempted still to defend
“ myself; but, at length, as if faint with
“ the loss of blood, I fell. A surgeon
“ was sent for, who could not imme-
“ diately pronounce me out of danger.”

“ The next day the fleet sailed, and
“ the Duke of Tras los Montes em-
“ barked with the regiment, in which he
“ was then an officer.”

“ The quarrel was a subject of general
“ conversation, and my brother-officers
“ readily obtained leave of absence for
“ me in consequence of my wounds.
“ Report had reached my amiable friend
“ that I had been mortally wounded,
“ and her fears and affection disposed
“ her to believe it; and, soon after the
“ embarkation, I received the kindest
“ inquiries

"inquiries from her. I carried the an-
 "swer myself the same evening. Her
 "interest was increased for me by the
 "danger I had passed; she pitied me,
 "I loved her more than ever, and her
 "favours were multiplied. I had long
 "before tasted enjoyment, but till then I
 "never loved. I continued in Lisbon
 "about fourteen months, in which time
 "the duchess was delivered. The duke
 "was made acquainted with the attach-
 "ment that subsisted between us, and
 "announced his intention of returning.
 "On the receipt of this intelligence,
 "the duchess insisted on my joining the
 "regiment. I chose rather to appear like
 "a coward, that avoided the duke and
 "trial, which he commenced against me
 "on his return, than forfeit her esteem.
 "I then left Lisbon; and from America,
 "where I sold my commission, I went
 "to Brazil, and from there to Paraguay,
 "where I taught the savages, after ha-
 "ving obtained admission into the body
 "of

“ of Jesuits, and was afterwards sent to
“ Madrid on their business. The regi-
“ ment was soon after ordered else-
“ where; but Alvarado never lost an
“ opportunity of corresponding with his
“ old friend and brother-soldier. He
“ also forwarded the soft dispatches of
“ my lovely friend, whose situation be-
“ came every day more uneasy, owing
“ to the quarrels with the duke. She
“ at last retired into a convent at Lisbon;
“ where, though she became more re-
“ ligious, she still loved me with the
“ same affection. Alvarado, you shall
“ see my heart; I will conceal no secret
“ from you; as I am confident, with
“ his name, you bear your father’s ho-
“ nour. I entered the convent where
“ my friend had retired to; and, as my
“ whole ambition was the possession of
“ her, I procured her removal to the
“ convent in which your Eleonora re-
“ sides; and, by intrigue and money, I
“ easily obtained the rectorship of that
“ house.

" house. In this manner I have lived
 " for these last fifteen years; frequently
 " visiting the convent publicly in the
 " day, and always admitted by a secret
 " key, when circumstances teach me to
 " be cautious, or the time requires
 " privacy.

" Thus, my dear child, I have all
 " the comforts of life, not excepting
 " the society of woman, which God
 " never interdicted to any man, whatever
 " may be his order or rank in life or his
 " profession.

" It is almost unnecessary to add, that,
 " by my intimacy in the convent, I hope
 " to effect your happiness; or then you
 " shall turn priest, and be blessed like
 " myself. Your disguise is easy. I am
 " but forty; though, with my beard,
 " I appear to be seventy."

Gomez

Gomez was much surprised at the narration, and assented to the metamorphose, provided he could not obtain Eleonora by any other means. He admired the ease with which Ildefonso talked, though he condemned the laxity of his principles. The epicurean rather than the stoic philosophy had been his pursuit; and he had no doubt, with his principles and his influence, of obtaining the object of his heart.

Gomez declined the frequent pressing invitations to stay to dine with him, from his feeling for the interruption of his siesta, and his early attendance at prayers and at the neighbouring convent. Ildefonso entreated his visit in two or three days, when he hoped to be able to give him some favourable news; but, in the mean time, desired him to be cheerful, to keep up his spirits, and to live in hope.

The

The next day Ildefonso dined at the convent of St. Francis with his friend and some of her fair sisters. He turned the conversation on the ladies who had lately taken the black veil, and he was told that the last lady had been ill ever since the ceremony. He desired to see her, and hoped that he should be able to give her such consolation that would at least alleviate her sorrow, if not totally eradicate it. In the evening he was introduced to Sister Theresa; and, as his conversation was private, he was left alone with her. He inspired her to have confidence in his honour, and to open her mind to him as a friend; which title, he told her, he was sure that she would think he merited before he left her. After requesting to know the cause of her melancholy, which he could not obtain, he intimated his acquaintance of it but slowly and with caution. He told her, that he believed she was in love. Eleo-
nora

nora held down her head and blushed. Ildefonso entreated her not to be afraid of the intimation; that he had not waited on her to bring her to confessional persecution, or to preach penitential sophisms, but to console and comfort her. "Dearest girl," continued Ildefonso, "I look on you with a father's fondness, and entreat you to continue in this melancholy situation no longer. Consider what is the end, what the object, of your uneasiness. Be assured, that the affections that you possess were planted in you by a benevolent Deity, of such infinite goodness, that he never intended that they should be stifled, but only directed to a proper object, which is that of your choice. How can it be, that, among men, even he that has common goodness, the common and ordinary benevolence attendant on humanity, wishes naturally the happiness of his fellow-creatures; and that He, who is the supreme, the

" source

“ source and support of all things, infinite-
“ ly wise and infinitely benevolent, should
“ wish the suppression of those passions,
“ which he has planted in our nature ?

“ Believe me, my dear child, that
“ your vows, your religion, if ten times
“ more fervent, cannot be so agreeable
“ to the Deity as the entering into
“ that situation for which your sex was
“ destined.

“ You are too young and too hand-
“ some to be a devotee. Besides, I am
“ convinced it is much against your in-
“ clination, and it was from the first
“ moment ; and that you only consented
“ to take the veil from blind obe-
“ dience.”

Eleonora threw herself at his feet, and
said it was true ; and in a species of deli-
rium confessed she loved, that she had
thought that the object of her choice

had been lost to her for ever, and that the dress she wore had been sufficient to wipe out the recollection of him from her memory. She had been taught to believe, that, with the investment of those robes of fable, she should have been gifted with the power of eradicating the passion of her heart. But, alas! the vain delusion! She strove and attempted in vain. It was impossible. — And, if it were an error, it was there! (putting her hand to her breast.) She acknowledged and trusted to the great Author of her existence to forgive her. She wept bitterly, and her tears stopped her speech.

“ My child, my child,” said Ildefonso, “ it is no crime, no error. I am
“ come to be of relief to you, to calm
“ this agitation. I wish to speed comfort to the love-sick mind; and,
“ though I have been slow in my declaration, it was because your delicacy
“ forbade

“ forbade the abrupt disclosure. I am
“ acquainted with your whole story. Do
“ not be alarmed, I mean no harm,
“ indeed I do not. I mean to make
“ you blessed with the man you love.
“ I intend, my dear infant, to unite
“ you myself to the loved and loving
“ Alvarado.”

Eleonora blushed deeply; and, each time that the colour passed, another and another soft effusion spread itself over her sweet countenance, and succeeded each other with incessant diligence.

Ildefonso continued to exhort her, till he had convinced her that she would commit no offence in the eyes of her Maker if she united herself to Alvarado as a wife. He entreated her to endeavour to gain an ascendancy over her melancholy, that, from custom, would, in a short time, grow habitual. Eleonora promised to follow his advice, but

implored his kind attention and assistance to strengthen her in her resolutions : and, after recapitulating his discourse, which he enforced in the most affectionate and delicate manner, he told her that he would very shortly pay her another visit, and he left her to her own reflections.

Eleonora had often heard eulogiums on the character of Ildefonso, and the more she reflected on his conversation the more she honoured him.

How he had become acquainted with Gomez, the reasons that motived his visit, his delicacy, the sympathy so unusual among men of his order, were all enigmas that became subjects for her innocent meditation. She thought that the superior of a monastery could have no other motive in influencing her conduct than the invariable rule of utility.

The

The advice thus meeting her inclinations, the conduct, which, from prejudice, she thought erroneous, became every day less so; and, as it grew into disesteem, the other was deemed meritorious.

Eleonora, less grave than usual, frequented the society of her sister-nuns, and became an universal favourite. She no longer wondered that they were so generally cheerful, when they enjoyed the pleasure of Father Ildefonso's company.

The duchess listened to her praises of the man, for whom she had abandoned wealth and fame, with silent, but secret, satisfaction.

Maria was delighted with the change in Eleonora, and Gomez was soon informed of it both by Ildefonso and

Maria. He could scarcely believe the change, though every one assured him of it. He waited on Ildefonso, who told him all the conversation that had passed between them, and hoped, he said, that another interview would make a complete conversion. That she would soon read the Song of Solomon rather than the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and that he hoped she would soon be united to him. He advised him to meditate on some good plan to effect her escape. Gomez did not doubt his friend, but he begged his permission to see his darling, and to be assured of this sudden, though not unexpected, happiness from herself.

Ildefonso consented readily, but desired that he might himself previously see her, and dispose her for his visit. He waited on her again, and, finding her much more tranquil than he had before found her, he related to her the intimacy

intimacy that had subsisted between him and Alvarado's father and the discovery of his son, the affection that he felt revived for him, and the pity for all the dangers he had run; the singular persecution that had awaited him, and the young man's situation when he found himself baffled in his only hope that had supported him through every misery; disappointed in his only wish, his only desire of obtaining her hand, whose promise had been sealed in heaven previous to any other vows of celibacy, which were pardonable, however, from the natural idea of his death.

She owned that she had considered his first conversation, and she believed she would be justified if she consented to be married to Alvarado; that, from his last declaration, she was confirmed, but was at a loss to imagine how it was to be effected. He told her that the duchess was in her interest, and that

he believed her lover would be the best adviser in that predicament; that he had seen him in the morning, that he only lived on the communication that he gave him, and that he intended to visit her very shortly. Eleonora thanked him for all his care and anxiety about her, and he withdrew.

The next morning Gomez sat down to his toilet in order to be properly adjusted for his visit. When he finished dressing, he waited on Eleonora, from whom he was at last assured that no report had exceeded in its account of her change of manners. She received him with pleasure, but with maiden modesty, but entreated Maria to wipe the paint from his face.

Gomez went over the same conversation with more warm and pathetic exhortations than Ildefonso had held the preceding day; and, at last, with trembling

bling emotion, asked her if she could be his, and if she was prepared to fly with him? . . . She would have thrown herself in his arms, but the grate prevented her; the tears hurried into her eyes, and she only said "Gomez!" He assured her over and over again to rely on Father Ildefonso, to have no vain scruples, no vain fears, that she was fully justified in the eyes of her Maker if she pursued what he so much insisted on.

He then entreated her to second his wishes, and leave the convent. Eleonora could not refuse him, yet had not the power to declare her assent. He told her he had prepared every thing for her escape, and told her he only waited her assent to order the carriage, which he was afraid to solicit too earnestly for fear of intimidating her. Eleonora could make no answer till Gomez repeated his request, and entreated her

to assent, and told her that he had Father Ildefonso's authority for being thus pressing, who urged the necessity of a speedy execution of any plan that met her approbation. Eleonora then said she would do any thing according to any scheme that should be sanctioned by Ildefonso.

Gomez then endeavoured to strengthen her mind for the approaching moment, bid her summon up all her courage, to act with coolness, but with resolution, and to be confident that no obstacles could arise to prevent the expected accomplishment; that he would wait at St. Barbara's Gate at twelve that same night.

Ildefonso again visited Eleonora, and told her, that, if she desired it, he would himself attend her to the coach. She thanked him.

Gomez

Gomez arrived at the place appointed at eleven: when the clock struck twelve, he alighted from the chaise, and walked backwards and forwards on each side of it, trembling with hope, and fearful of disappointment, or perhaps discovery. No one appeared: — all was silent around him. — The clock struck the quarter, — and yet no one came. — The perspiration fell from his face, owing to the multifarious ideas of horror that presented themselves to his imagination.

A circumstance added to his fears; not that he had any for himself, for he would have faced a fasting lion, but he trembled lest her fears should be roused, and incapacitate her for flight.

A gentleman passed him in a long cloak, with his rapier in hand, and in a mask: he looked attentively, for a mo-

ment, at Gomez, made him a bow, and walked on. A minute afterwards he heard the clashing of swords, and Gomez trembled lest the noise should protract her approach, or, when arrived, should frighten her.

Gomez had unsheathed his poignard, when he perceived two persons drawing near him, and the voice of a man surprised him by whispering "Alvarado." He had not been apprized of Ildefonso's intention of conducting Eleonora to the carriage; and, hearing his name, he answered "No." — "It is he!" said Eleonora. "Who are you?" said Gomez, but soon discovered them. "My father! my ever affectionate friend!" — "Stop," said Ildefonso, squeezing his hand and leading Eleonora to the coach: "Write to me, both of you. — Be happy!" taking Eleonora's hand, and pressing it to his lips. "Take care of her, Gomez," said the old man, and shut

shut the door of the coach. — “ A
“ good journey !” — The carriage rolled
off.

Ildefonso returned to the convent, and
ordered the body of a lady, that had been
lately interred, to be placed in Eleonora’s
bed ; and it was reported that she was
dead, and was buried according to the
usual ceremonies.

Gomez gave Maria a letter to his bro-
ther, desiring the promised pension, and
with recommendations to place her in
his family.

It was some time before Eleonora re-
covered her speech ; but the persuasive
tenderness of the affectionate lover ani-
mated her, and her fears subsided as the
distance from the convent increased.

The moon rose with all her usual ma-
jesty, and Gomez told her that the stars
seemed

seemed to shine propitious to his wishes, and that they waited on her to light her on her way for having seconded them; that the moon herself had risen in clouds, while he was in doubt and apprehension, but, since he had possessed the darling of his heart, the object and aim of all his wishes, she had unveiled her face, and had covered the whole expanse of country before them with her silver light, that it might bring tranquillity to her bosom by its sweet sobriety.

He still found that her fears had not subsided when they arrived in Biscay. Every noise appalled her, every carriage behind her's was in pursuit, and every horseman the attendant; while those she met would describe their route. Gomez told her, they would be shortly out of the reach of pursuit; that Isidoro would prevent it, even if meditated; and that they would soon reach
the

the frontiers, and shortly breathe an air uncontaminated by religious prejudice.

They travelled almost incessantly till they reached St. Jean de Luz, where they remained three days, in order to recruit Eleonora's strength from the fatigue she had gone through; and here they were united for ever; and here her fears were totally overcome.

“ Ye proud and unhappy philoso-
“ phers! ye unfortunate ambitious! pas-
“ sionate admirers of serious trifles! name
“ a blessing, an object, more worthy
“ of pursuit, or more adapted to lead
“ me to happiness, than a being who
“ thinks and feels like myself; who
“ participates the same ideas, the same
“ existence, the same transports; who
“ folds me in her arms, and warms
“ my heart by her own; whose vo-
“ luptuous caress will ensure the birth
“ of another being that may resemble
“ herself,

“ herself, that shall grow in her sight
“ and on her bosom, whom we shall
“ love with the most tender affection
“ after that which unites us, and whose
“ birth will double our sensations and
“ strengthen our attachment. And, ye
“ infatuated men, whose superstitious
“ dogmas degrade humanity, by sub-
“ jugating the reason and the will of
“ man to the forms of religion, which
“ the chance-place of his birth gives
“ you a sanction to exercise! ye vile
“ slaves of a blind and impolitic ty-
“ ranny, who interdict his reason, thought,
“ and reflections! ye pious mounte-
“ banks, who have blasphemed the God
“ of nature, by building his throne on
“ miracle, and making his agents, agents
“ of horror, for the loved end of all
“ creation — man; whose religions mul-
“ tifarious only vary in their dogmas,
“ without varying in their ends or ex-
“ igeance; religions, the result of ca-
“ price, its end the interest of priests,
“ that

“ that is one and uniform! farewell!
“ — And you too, my Eleonora! my
“ Eleonora Alvarado! shall reject this
“ senseless despotism. You shall live
“ for your Gomez; you shall live for
“ Love. He alone has the right of
“ dictating obedience to us. To him,
“ and to the only saint that I adore,
“ Saint Eleonora! I am indebted for
“ having given me the most amiable
“ mistress, the most sure and certain
“ friend, and the sweetest and most
“ useful companion: she who alone u-
“ nites a manly firmness and attach-
“ ment with a female delicacy and ten-
“ derness; the fruits of friendship with
“ the flowers of love.”

Such was the language of Gomez at some moments, when his heart teemed with affection, and his memory recalled persecution.

They

They arrived safe at Bayonne, from which place they went on to Bourdeaux. When they had reached Bourdeaux, Gomez wrote letters to his sister, her husband, to Gonfalso, and Ildefonso, and received letters of congratulation, in return, from all of them.

The sensible Eleonora had nobody to write to, and she felt for her insulated situation; and, though Gomez read to her the letters that contained plaudits of her conduct, and particular expressions of friendship from his sister, he wrote immediately to Spain to request letters from his sister and his brother, directed immediately to herself.

Gomez suggested some ideas to Ildefonso, that were either to be rejected or embraced according to his judgment, relative to an intimation to Don Velasquez of his daughter's conduct.

He

He met some of his countrymen at Bourdeaux, that were going to return to Madrid, to whom he imparted his wish that they might inform Eleonora's father that they had seen her at Bourdeaux.

Gomez had been so long separated from Eleonora, and had been so short a time united to her, that they lived very much by themselves, loving and beloved. Their refusal of the invitations they received was attributed to its just cause, and forgiven.

Their mornings were employed together in reading; in the acquirement of ideas, not of words. Gomez was Eleonora's master. Among their topics of conversation, Alvarado took every opportunity to eradicate the seeds of religious prejudice. He talked to her of the old and the new world, and shewed her their geographical situation,
and

and told her of the late discovery of the latter, described the inhabitants of those vast regions, their customs and manners, whose sole religion consisted in the idea of one superior Being, and whom they worshipped in the sun. He pointed out the vast empires of India and China, which still preserved the same religious rites and form of government, instituted for many centuries previous to the birth of Christ; the countries which acknowledged the son of the Virgin Mary as the Son of God; and the smaller number which acknowledge the Pope as his vicar; together with the countries of immense extension in Asia and Africa, and the Turkish empire in Europe, where they follow the religion of Mahomet.

He explained to her the mythology, the infinity of the gods of the ancients, their facility in admitting every religious system, every sort of worship, that banished

nished every spirit of intolerance, every superstitious fury, adding, that human passions had been attributed to the pagan deities in the same manner and from the same motives that they had been attributed to superior agency in the days of the purest Christianity, that the ancients had done no more than what the moderns had since done, and what men are likely always to do, in attributing their affections, sentiments, desires, and faculties, to celestial beings; and the reason, he said, was evident, as it was impossible for human nature to form to itself any idea of things absolutely heterogeneous to their knowledge; and that the great inconvenience, the cause of bloodshed, was, the disputes of religious men, in which the authority of superior ranks had interfered; and that, when once civil power declares itself in favour of a religious opinion, intolerance is the necessary consequence of that partiality.

We

We will not pretend to follow him through his exposition of facts, and on which he seldom dictated an opinion, but let Eleonora's good sense and reason operate to deduce conclusions.

Her questions were frequently very difficult to answer. Among several, she asked Gomez the reason of there being so many religions. He told her, that climate and government were two great causes of the difference: the climate influences the morals of a people, the government its customs and manners: and, in order to explain this, he said, that, in India, where the heat of the country prevents the breed of cattle, a law of religion that preserves them is suited to the policy of the country. Rice and pulse, which are easily brought to perfection by the assistance of water, are the only nourishment that is permitted by the same law of religion,

gion, and is the most useful, as the most wholesome, to men in that climate. "In short, my dear Eleonora," said Gomez, "the difference and variety of religions among mankind spring from so many various causes that they would take years to relate, and more time than I have patience to spare from my darling, who ought to be my only theme. What I wish to impress on the mind is, a virtuous conduct, untainted by superstition or idolatry. The virtuous conduct is that which we owe to society and ourselves; while the conduct of a superstitious person finds no gratification in performing the duties of society, in promoting the happiness of his creatures, but looks for motives of conduct that may be performed for the sake of the Deity; in austerities sometimes; that may peculiarly recommend him to the divine favour and protection; and that
" virtuous

“ virtuous conduct, with all its relatives, has been, and ever shall be, that which Eleonora must pursue.”

Their time was divided between French and music: for, Eleonora was mistress of the Italian language, and Gomez' whole attention was directed to enlighten her mind; not with the dogmatic pe-dantry of a master, but with all the delicate and persuasive instruction of a lover. Their walks were Eleonora's delight: Gomez sometimes gave loose to his imagination; and, in his wildest flights, she sighed, and regretted not to have been happy with him at an earlier period: and, at other moments, in their walks in the country, (and the most solitary were objects of choice,) he always talked to her of literary pursuits, or curiosities, anecdotes, and characters, or repeated aloud, in a warm impassioned manner, the lofty and dignified strains of Lopez de Vega, and
other

other Spanish poets, or touched the heart with the softness and desponding pathos of *Petrarch*, the elegance of *Tasso*, the warm love-language of the *Adone*, or the easy natural beauties of *Metastasio*, or some sublime passages of *Dante*, which he repeated with rapture.

They attended some places of public amusement, but with as much privacy as possible. A theatre was a sight that Eleonora had never been gratified with. She observed, that, though the churches were thin of people, their theatres were much frequented by all ranks; and, though they had little devotion, they possessed infinite sensibility. The spirit of intrigue and gallantry excited her attention, and she mentioned both to Gomez. He said, that gallantry, under proper restrictions, was of use to a nation; that nothing tended more to the improvement of the youth of both sexes; and that it had been fashionable

to talk of the spirit of intrigue that existed in France and Italy, but he believed that the English were very little behind them; and the difference is only owing to climate; though there may be another reason: as they are more free by the laws, they are more restrained outwardly in their manners.

Gomez had an intention of returning to England, to settle in the Isle of Wight, not distant from his friend and protector Gonfalso.

He made a recital to Eleonora of the obligations he was under to Mr. Gonfalso, and she required no more than his intimation to make any wish of his an object of choice. He wrote to Gonfalso his intention, who returned very pressing solicitations to him to prosecute his design; that he had been speculating for him, and had found a farm that, according to his judgement, had

had been under-rated in value, and an object of purchase. Gomez was, for some time, pleased with the idea of establishing himself in England, whose inhabitants, from their sedateness and tranquillity of manners, resembled more the gravity of his countrymen, and to which he had been accustomed, than the volatility of the French; but, having thought that the climate of a more northern country would have some influence on Eleonora's health, or, if the fog and the damp atmosphere of England should not hurt her constitution, it might affect her temper, he feared the change might produce an habitual melancholy, and determined to remain where he was for some time, in order not to execute his design with too much precipitation.

The expenses, which he had been under the necessity of giving into, exceeded his income. The circle of his

D 2 acquaintance

acquaintance extended every day, and the invitations and visits became troublesome: Bourdeaux, for these reasons, became unpleasant: nor was it more agreeable to Eleonora; she was no sooner acquainted with *le grand monde* than she disliked it; and she had reason.

Amidst the companies that they frequented, there was one gentleman that they always met; a man of fashion, though an *abbé*; who had made the tour of Europe, and had resided some time in Italy, Spain, and England; the language of which countries he possessed eminently well. The *abbé* was a man of about forty; had resided long at Paris, though he had latterly settled at Bourdeaux. He had lived much at court; had attended the levees of ministers, without any other object than the gratification of his vanity; and assisted at the toilet of women of fashion, where he listened to their little cabals, motivated

motived by jealousy ; blotted out from their memory the *errors of the heart*, by hearing their confession, by his remission, and forgiveness of their amiable weakness ; retailed the scandalous anecdotes, that he had gleaned of the day before, in return ; and, with the sensibility that he shewed in their particular interests, was altogether a man *aimable au possible*.

This gentleman was pleased with the innocent and unaffected manners of Eleonora de Alvarado. There is something, that creates a higher degree of pleasure to the libertine than the truly-virtuous man, in the contemplation of the manners of a chaste woman ; which may be ascribed to an association of ideas of the primary principles of morality and virtue, and which the mind, however estranged by custom and pleasure, recalls with satisfaction, and which gratify from their novelty, while the

virtuous man regards chastity as so essential and necessary an obligation, that he takes no interest in the object that possesses it.

The innocence that was indicated by her manners, the abbé found in her mind. Her conversation pleased him; he grew confirmed in his opinion; and his vanity was flattered by his sagacity and quick perception. His admiration was soon converted into desire.

Eleonora, when he was introduced, received him with every politeness; and, as innocence has no suspicion, she felt pleasure in his attentions. When she was distressed in the explanation of her ideas, she recurred to the language in which she had greater facility: and, as he understood perfectly and spoke Spanish fluently, he turned her ideas into French after her, which she repeated. Her timidity found ease by overcoming difficulties,

culties, and his society became desirable from the instruction it conveyed.

Gomez was obliged by the civilities shewed to his loved companion, and trusted to his age; while Eleonora had no suspicion; or, if she had had any, she would have trusted to his profession.

Monsieur l'Abbé endeavoured to dispose her mind to his purpose by the recital of little anecdotes that did not tell much to the honour of her sex, yet dissipated the mind, and is generally the first step taken to influence and adapt it to the impressions which tend to the object of seduction.

The different intrigues of Paris, the little ballads, *jeux d'esprits*, and *bons mots*, with characters and foibles of the society which Eleonora occasionally mixed in, were topics of conversation, which

introduced compliments to her person and manners, which were made with caution, conferring his own ideas on her conduct, by drawing an obvious contrast, and making her panegyric only by implication.

Eleonora sometimes blushed at his recital of scandal, and reported his conversation to Gomez, which raised her in his esteem, from her delicacy; but assured her, that, in all societies, she must expect to meet similar conversation.

She believed she had too much susceptibility, yet never wished to purchase society or conversation at the expense of her feelings.

After some time, his desire exceeded his judgement; for, he had sense sufficient to perceive that there was an innate virtue that was impossible to be shaken,

shaken, that shrunk even at the shadow of vice; yet his wishes and base passion predominated, and, like a madman, made an essay that his reason, not his villany, had rejected.

The abbé's revenues were considerable. His hotel, his equipage, and servants, were all in proportioned elegance and grandeur; his furniture *recherchée et magnifique*. His hotel had been furnished in a similar style of elegance to his patron's, the Duke of L——; and both this at Bourdeaux, though less frequently than that at Paris, had served his pleasures.

The protégé was grateful to his benefactor.

The intimacy of the connection between the Duke of L—— and the Duchess of R—— will paint the manners of Paris, and offer an image of

happiness adapted to the capacity of human nature.

Let the fancy imagine the Duke of L—, the Duchess of R—, the abbé, and the Marchioness of C—, seated at a delicious, though small, supper.

The attendants dismissed by the abbé with a line from Martial to the duke:

“*Nos offendimur ambulante cœna.*”

The servants withdrawn, the two lovers and the two ladies at ease deliver themselves to the influence of love and wine. One, trusting to champagne, had offered a copy of verses on a very tender and very expressive declaration of his passion, that he wished to have returned as soon as read. What a look of expression! What an archness in the eye! The Venus Poeta! — The other

other converses, but does not write; interesting, though free; and his discourse creates a blush.

"At least," she says, in filling him a bumper, "let the wine make an apology for your temerity."

"Ah! my heart overflows; and beauty intoxicates my fancy to positive enjoyment."

"Drink, and be wise!"

"As you desire it. Here, then, instead of being Thyrsis and Colin, I will be Anacreon."

"In good humour?"

"At your side, I am always."

And we leave them: it would be dangerous to follow them farther. The

picture of fancy is curtailed, to avoid raising an alarm in the bosom of timid pudicity.

Men dine at Paris, and women sup. Wax-light is more favourable. The day is turned into night, and night into day. They dine at four, and their toilet detains them till late in the evening.

The Duchess of R—— was idolized by the Duke of L——. Both young and amiable, they found each other destined by nature, but disunited by Hymen. The young duchess had married an old man, the duke an old woman, with a large fortune. Destiny, master of gods and men, had so disposed things. The young duchess was, at first, very unhappy: the young duke was grieved: but he had a friend, the Count G——, a true Picard, rich, gay, loving every thing that is to be loved, laughing at every

every thing, always in pursuit of pleasure, easy in his defeat or disappointment, and pleased if they tended to others amusement. After women, he loved his friends; or, after his friends, women; for, his love was alternate: after women, then, or his friends, wine; after wine, the table; after the table, moderate play; then hunting, riding, or walking; music, and the opera. He was an economist, good to his tenants, their happiness was his, his desire was to see them in easy circumstances, and he promoted marriage among them by presents to the bride. Such is the es-
quise of the character of the friend of the Duke of L—.

“ I am very wretched,” said the latter to him one day. “ They married me, “ at sixteen, to a fortune. I have a “ son: that is all they wished for: my “ happiness was indifferent to their i- “ deas, and the least object of atten-
“ tion.

“ tion. Miss G—t— was married to
“ that old duke ; had she been to me, I
“ had then been happy ; blessed indeed !”

“ And she shall make you happy
“ yet,” replied the count.

“ Ah no ! How ? by what means ?
“ She is virtue’s self ! And, besides,
“ I possess no spirit of intrigue ; nor
“ do I wish for a transient happiness,
“ that ———”

“ You shall not have a transient hap-
“ piness, that ——— ; but a solid and
“ permanent happiness. Leave the ma-
“ nagement of this affair to me ; I have
“ a little more experience than you :
“ I am nine-and-twenty, and you are
“ but two-and-twenty : we are all ro-
“ mantic at your age, but we cease
“ to be any longer so at mine. I am
“ intimately acquainted with the Mar-
“ chioness of M——t, her friend : we
“ shall

"shall make you happy in your attachment. The marchioness is handsome, and I love her: you and the duchess may be as virtuous as you wish to be. What signifies how or where we find our happiness or pleasure, so that we are amused!"

The duke was consoled.

A few days after, the count obtained an interview for the duke with the duchess. They met at the house of the marchioness. The two lovers felt the utmost reserve: on one side, all respect; blushes, diffidence, and retention, on the other.

"Were you *ennuyé*?" said the count to his friend on leaving the house.

"I never in my life felt so much pleasure."

"Let

“ Let the critics and coxcombs rail,
“ and satire and epigram be exhausted,
“ on love and its followers ; but be a
“ Celadon, if it is your pleasure : and,
“ in its pursuit, there is nothing laugh-
“ able or ridiculous, when it is follow-
“ ed with ardour and discretion. I
“ do not understand why fashion, or
“ our fashionable authors, should regu-
“ late our amusements, or dictate to
“ us the manner by which we are to
“ be regulated, in the pursuit of our
“ enjoyments, by their own ideas. A
“ ridiculous and contemptible presump-
“ tion !”

It was after these epicurean principles that the count conducted himself. He loved the handsome marchioness in his way, and the duke the duchess after his own manner : no bad advice ; no questions, after all the stolen parties

ties at the marchioness's or the abbé's, than "Were you amused?"

But, one evening, the duke said to his friend, "I am distractedly in love, and I have never yet dared to declare my sentiments to the duchess."

"You must make a declaration in the most respectful and the most sure and certain manner," replied the count, "if you think it absolutely necessary to your future happiness."

"I will make an avowal; but, should I spoil all!"

"We will endeavour to give you the pleasure of being brought together again. — *Au reste*, consider your opportunity; that is even an amusement."

The

The *partie quarrée* was fixed for the next day, at the house of the marchioness. The duke came full of hope, but too timid to speak: he had written his declaration. They sat down to table at eleven o'clock. When the servants were dismissed, the conversation became more animated. The young duchess was gay and sprightly. The conversation turned on the sacrifices that a lover could make his mistress. The marchioness said, the sacrifice she preferred to all others was, the letters of a rival; and, in consequence, she ordered the count to deliver to her those that he possessed. He promised compliance with her desire as soon as he should have any.

“ I should,” said the duchess, “ prefer a lover who had never had an opportunity of receiving any. Have
“ you

"you received any?" turning to the duke.

He hesitated.

"What! you have letters?"

"But, madam, without having desired them."

"And do you keep them?"

"It was not in my power, — one excepted."

"You have one?"

"Yes; but for the sake of a song it contains."

"I have no right to ask a sacrifice from you."

"It

“ It is, however, only to you that I
“ am capable of making any.”

“ What! that containing the copy of
“ verses?”

“ Yes, madam, I have even brought
“ it with that intention.”

“ Ah!” — And she was then silent.

The duke drew it from his pocket,
broke the seal, and threw away the
cover.

“ How! is it sealed?”

“ I intended to read it no more.”

“ There is delicacy in the declara-
“ tion. But let me see.”

She

She read: her lover devoured her with his eyes. She became pensive. He requested the letter again.

“ No,” said she, in looking at him compassionately, “ I love much better
“ . . . a . . . declaration . . . than an indif-
“ cretion; and I like to see you incapa-
“ ble of one.”

“ Ah! you have made me happy by
“ your last expression.”

The duchess finished the letter, and presented it to him. He looked at it; and she searched for her pocket-book, to put it in.

“ I adore you,” said the duke, while his eyes were rivetted on her's, waiting for her answer.

At

At that moment, the count rose softly, and said to the marchioness, "I wish
" to see that charming picture again,
" that you have hung in your *boudoir*.
" *doir*."

She understood his meaning, and the count led her to her apartment.

"Do you love me?" replied the duchess. "I own to you I am not afraid of you. I know you; and I
" am sure, at least I trust, that we
" may have a friendship for each other
" without danger. Mine is founded on
" esteem."

"And mine on respect, veneration,
" idolatry. I shall be happy if you
" will deign to look on me as on a
" man to whom you are dearer than
" the rest of the world!"

"I

“ I will consider you as a sure, perfect, and preferred friend.”

“ Ah the dear words, that complete my happiness!”

After that evening, parties were made more frequently, and often at the abbé's, when the count or the marchioness were elsewhere engaged.

This passion, so pure, terminated like all passions; and, as soon as desire and esteem, which had generated it, were lost, it became extinct.

It may be inferred, that women should be cautious how they attempt to change love into friendship. The former never should be fed with the aliment of the latter. Friendship requires a different food: small services, slight attentions, a manner affectionate, though light,

light, and reserve without prudery, preserve it. Love desires transports, favours, that enervate, that relax, that exhaust themselves, and dissolve.

A man of education, refined manners, true taste, possessing every accomplishment, is an individual to whom all ranks of society look up with esteem and affection; but more particularly the individuals of that particular society, to which he should shew a preference, by their own opinions of themselves being corroborated by their reliance on his superior judgement: and how much more is he beloved by an individual in that society to whom he should direct his attention to obtain his friendship. Friendship supposes a want; and, the more the want is felt, the more lively is the measure of the sensation. How lively the sensations of that individual must be, and how sweet the friendship between the two, when the reciprocal want is supplied, the supplement

ment made, and the object found, in each other. This confidence and esteem, I supposed, placed on a being of equal abilities, or if inferior, only so by nature, though endowed with uncommon capacity and more sensibility; and if we should farther make a distinction of sexes between the individuals, in that case in which we suppose equal abilities between the two, the esteem would preponderate on the side of the man; in the other, the attachment would be probably greater, from the consciousness of the non-existence of reciprocal use; and, if to one we should add all the attractions of perfect beauty, the transition from friendship to love would be sudden and unperceived, and as impossible to prevent as their chance meeting was to anticipate, or as the knowledge of their affection was to foretell.

Thus, friendship between the sexes is sometimes difficult to restrain within pro-

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per

per bounds, and is sometimes to be suspected.

Love is the happiness of a day: friendship the happiness of life.

Eleonora received letters from the Count and Countess of Salinas full of warm congratulations, and Gomez remittances to a large amount. They made an excursion to Toulouse, in the neighbourhood of which place they had heard of an estate to be disposed of, the property of a French gentleman who was going to America. The estate was divided into four shares; and the smallest part was divided from the rest by the river Garonne, which Gomez contracted for privately, and bought for about one thousand guineas: he then returned to Bourdeaux, pleased with his excursion, and satisfied with his purchase, to settle his affairs and go back to Toulouse.

He

He acquainted his friends with his purchase, and Mr. Gonfalso with his change of opinion with regard to his intended settlement in England.

Previous to their leaving Bourdeaux, Eleonora was agreeably surprised one evening by a Spanish duet, the music of which she was well acquainted with, and which she had often sung, accompanied by two guitars. The remembrance of former times, of moments when she sang the same air, came so forcibly to her mind, that she burst into tears. Gomez pressed her to his heart, and desired to know the cause of the strange effect. She told him, that the song made her recollect the many times she had sung the same air thinking of him, and that, among others, had always the same effect, and the same sweet consolation; and that, even now, though blessed in the possession of all she wished, it had

still the same power over her. It was in vain that even Gomez attempted to console her, Eleonora requested that the same tune might be played again : he complied ; and nature took its course.

The musicians came the next day, at the same time, and Eleonora desired the same air. As they were paid handsomely, they continued their visits. One evening, when Gomez was out on business, she desired her servant to tell the woman to wait on her. She had conceived that she was of a superior condition to the situation she was then in, and was afterwards justified in her opinion. The pathos and delicacy of her voice, with the true and just manner in which she accompanied herself, led her to think so. When the *cantatrice* appeared, Eleonora thought she had seen her before ; looked at her for a moment ; and knew the stroller to be — Who ? — Angelica ! Angelica, who was reported to have died in the convent.

convent. Eleonora threw her arms about her neck. — She had not forgotten the confidante of her heart. — Nor had the low situation of Angelica changed Eleonora's former esteem.

Gomez, on his return, was surprised to find Eleonora in conversation with the stroller, and seated at her side, while her countenance bore the strongest marks of affability. “Do not be surprised,” said Eleonora, “this is my friend, whom you “have often heard me gratefully speak “of, Angelica.” And she kissed her, and introduced Gomez to her. Supper was ordered; and Eleonora desired to know the reasons that induced her to leave the convent with such precipitancy as not to have communicated her intention even to her confidante.

Angelica answered, that she would relate a short and simple story, in justi-

fication of her conduct; and made the following narration.

“ After some time, Eleonora, I was
 “ forsaken by him of all others who
 “ should have been the last to have
 “ abandoned me. My mother felt for
 “ my situation so much, that her dis-
 “ tress impaired her health: and, at
 “ last, the archbishop heard of it, and,
 “ through his interest, obtained admis-
 “ sion for me at the convent appropri-
 “ ated only for the admission of the
 “ daughters of men of family and dis-
 “ tinction. My mother parted with me
 “ with the greatest reluctance; and I
 “ heard afterwards that the separation
 “ broke her heart. No soul came to
 “ visit me in my confinement; I had no
 “ friend to whom I could speak; not a
 “ creature before whom I dared to shed
 “ a tear.... Thus secluded, thus immu-
 “ red, and thus forsaken, the mind had
 “ no inmate, for three long years, but
 “ the

“ the agonizing remembrance of slighted
 “ vows and broken faith. For three
 “ years, I had walked opposite to your
 “ rooms, with the same melancholy step,
 “ and with the same despair, before you
 “ came to the convent ; but whether
 “ my walking, my grief, my constancy
 “ to the same spot, or my face of woe,
 “ I cannot tell ; but something attracted
 “ the attention of one of the labour-
 “ ers of the gardens. He obtained
 “ means of speaking to me, but not
 “ without some difficulty ; begged par-
 “ don for his freedom ; but the un-
 “ easy situation that I seemed to be in,
 “ he said, had induced him to take
 “ the liberty. He said this with the
 “ greatest modesty and timidity. I thank-
 “ ed him for the intention, and he re-
 “ tired.

“ When he had left me, I thought
 “ of nothing but of the means of ta-
 “ king advantage of his offer. I had

" another short conversation with him,
 " and he told me the distressed situation
 " which I seemed to be in had ex-
 " cited in him the strongest compas-
 " sion; hoped that I did not despair;
 " and desired that he might be of ser-
 " vice to me: and added, that he would
 " obey me in any thing, even if I
 " should command him to effect means
 " of escape. I thanked him, but told
 " him that I had no such intention;
 " but that I would prove his fidelity in
 " some lesser service.

" The convent I was forced into, and
 " it was always my aversion: an oppor-
 " tunity of escape presented itself to me,
 " and I embraced it.

" He procured some clothes, which
 " he placed in one of the small hou-
 " ses appropriated to the keeping of
 " the gardener's tools, and gave me a
 " key of it. He dismissed the boy that
 " usually

“ usually attended him the day before
 “ my escape. I dressed myself in the
 “ apparel that Antonio had procured;
 “ rolled my hair in my net, and be-
 “ smeared my face with some earth,
 “ placed a bundle of sticks on my shoul-
 “ der, and we walked through the gar-
 “ den at mid-day. Antonio took me
 “ to his cottage: a few jewels, and
 “ my other trinkets, procured me some
 “ clothes, and more money than I had
 “ occasion for. I remained some days
 “ in the cottage with Antonio, and be-
 “ came his wife.

“ All his services to me, Eleonora,
 “ proceeded from affection; and how
 “ could I be ungrateful? I love him
 “ with all my heart. Antonio had tra-
 “ velled in Italy with some former mas-
 “ ter, and had learned to sing, and to
 “ accompany himself on the guitar ex-
 “ ceedingly well. My child, that had
 “ been placed in the Foundling-Hos-
 E 5 “ pital,

“ pital, I brought away with me, by
“ Antonio’s express desire, whom he
“ loves as if he were his own. My
“ boy is seven years old, and already
“ plays well on the fiddle: you shall
“ hear him. We travelled on foot
“ ther, all the way from Madrid; and
“ I am, God be praised! infinitely
“ happy.”

Eleonora asked for her husband; and, on being told that he waited for her, desired the servant to request him to come up stairs.

They shewed much civility to Angelica’s husband, who was much surprised at meeting with his wife’s friend at Bourdeaux. Antonio told Eleonora that the only unhappiness that Angelica seemed to have always to lament was, her want of confidence, in not imparting her escape to her; and, whenever she had mentioned her name, that she
sincerely

sincerely regretted she had not proposed to her to come away with her. Angelica excused herself by avowing to Eleonora, that, happy and successful in her escape, she had since suffered much from being parted from her; but, at the time, she thought her so good and so innocent, that she was afraid to attempt to persuade her to accompany her, and was terrified that, after having made the communication, she should dissuade herself from going; and, if she had added her own wishes to her reasons, she must most certainly have prevailed.

It grew late, and Angelica took her leave. Gomez and Eleonora admired the mutual affection that existed between Antonio and Angelica. It was a singular instance of affection in Angelica, who had been educated in every elegance; and more singular in Antonio, who rose superior to false refinement,

by acting directly in opposition to the received notions of the world. He loved Angelica; he sought his own happiness by procuring her pleasure; he looked with forgiveness on her betrayed innocence; a natural sympathy of imitation taught him affection to her child.

The two next days, Eleonora heard no serenade. She was anxious about her friend, and made inquiries to obtain information of where she lived. She feared that the difference of their situations had operated on her mind so as to produce shame of the lowness of her own; but, the day after, she found her conjecture ill-founded. Angelica came, at the time of dinner, accompanied by three or four musicians, besides Antonio: they sang and played, alternately, some of the most beautiful Italian and Spanish music. Eleonora desired Angelica and Antonio to come in, and insisted on their dining with her and

and Gomez. Angelica presented her son to Eleonora, and he staid also. The servants were ordered to prepare some entertainment below for the rest of the band.

As this was the day before their departure for Toulouse, Gomez told them of his little purchase there, and offered them an asylum in his house, which he meant as permanent, though delicacy prevented him from mentioning it only as a temporary visit. Antonio, to his surprise, refused it; and it was apparent that he only spoke the wishes of Angelica. As Gomez could not prevail on them to accompany him to Toulouse, he took an opportunity of withdrawing Angelica's little boy aside, and put a louis d'or in his hand, and a bill that he desired him to give his father. Antonio, after supper, attempted to express his obligations to him, but Gomez prevented him. Eleonora took

took her leave of Angelica, not without sorrow.

The next day, at breakfast, Gomez perceived a ring on Eleonora's finger that he was not acquainted with, and asked her if he had ever seen it before. She answered, that she could not bear to part with Angelica, without giving her some token to be remembered by; that she had pressed her to accept her diamond ring, and that Angelica had given her the one she then wore, in return, which was dearer to her, owing to its donor, and the ideal value that she attached to it.

"Thou art all love," said Gomez, folding her in his arms; "and your
"generosity equals your affection."

Their accounts being all settled, they set out for Toulouse.

O bien andante aquel que en el remanso,
 De una quieta, y solitaria vida,
 A la serena luz de su reposo
 Espeja su delgado entendimiento,
 Y del amor segretos defeubriendo,
 Se està sobre se' mismo levantando,
 Y deramando el alma por los oyes,
 De ver la ceguedad de los mortales,
 Che de este mundo figuen la corriente!*

Gomez and Eleonora were both by nature formed for each other. Eleonora, graced with all female excellence, beautiful in her person, elegant in her manners, whose voice was music, and whose smile was love, whose thoughts were directed but to one object, whose society she only desired, and whose diversions were at home, preferred the

* Oh! blessed is the man who, in a solitary and peaceful retreat, improves his mind amidst the serenity of his soft repose! who, discovering the secrets of love, raises himself above himself, and sheds his soul through his eyes, to see men blindly follow the current of the world!

solitary

solitary and peaceful retirement of the country to the false, factitious, and insipid pleasures of a capital. She was graced in every elegant accomplishment, yet had no art but that which she used to please her husband. She never forgot those attractions of the maid which first drew his attention and won his affection. The innocent manners of the maiden were preserved in the married state. When business enforced his absence, he was regretted; and his return was waited for with expectation. His home was always desired by him; for, his Eleonora met him with smiles and all the winning softness with which she was possessed. She received him with suppressed rapture, and he returned with ever-new delight.

Though formed to shine in the soft scenes of life, and, by education and person, formed to inhabit a palace and to grace a court, Gomez preferred to dwell

dwell in a cottage with the woman of his heart, to live in a cabin by love embellished, than to walk a drawing-room, courting the smile of the idol of the hour, to solicit its interest in the pursuit of fortune, or its fallacious promise, to assist inordinate ambition.

The few cottages that were scattered around his house had neither the aspect nor the inconvenience, though they assumed the name, of a village. The cottagers, shortly after their arrival, waited on them, to pay their respects. They were all dressed in their best clothes, and the most rich had brought some trifling presents. Some presented fruit, and others flowers. Eleonora's manners and condescension were not lost on the poor, the oppressed, peasantry. Unaccustomed to the visit of the lord of the soil, the settlement of an equal had been a pleasure, but the residence of a superior was deemed a blessing, when
his

his manners indicated a prospect of the augmentation of their small share of happiness.

Gomez was their equal by nature and in his conduct, and they thought so, though they felt the benefit of his accidental superiority in point of fortune. They had been apprized of the intended visit by their servants, and Eleonora had purchased a few small presents to bestow on the young women.

When they had offered their little gifts and paid their congratulatory compliments, the young men and women disposed themselves in couples to dance, and Gomez desired them to change their place to a spot behind the house, which had been cut after the manner of an English lawn. Tables were immediately brought from the house, and covered with cold meats and wine; and Gomez took one of the girls and joined in the dance,

dance, and apologized for his wife, whose situation incapacitated her from doing the same.

The happiness of the poor people is not to be painted. The old actually shed tears of joy, and the young envied the girl who had the happiness of being his partner. Some broke out into expressions of jealousy; others desired to shake his hand; the bold kissed it; and the timid sidled by him, afraid to express their wishes.

They ate and drank, and danced again till the evening; and, when the night set in, they retired, with the warmest expressions of gratitude for their reception, and intoxicated with pleasure.

Some time after, Eleonora was delivered of a boy; and Gomez' affection was increased by that sweet pledge of love. It was a prognostic of being
still

still happier in having more children; and girls he wished for, to see their mother's features multiplied, and to hear their mother's angelic voice from their cherub lips. His imagination indulged the idea, and he longed for the time when his wishes should be realized; to behold his little darlings deriving instructions from their accomplished and fond mother; and, as they increased in years, so to increase in their resemblance and in beauty, like rose-buds from the same sweet tree.

Eleonora was now dearer to Gomez than ever. He loved her as a wife and as a mother more than as a bride. His delicacy and his sensations at first hurried him to quit his house, though his fears shortened the distance. He walked in sight of it, and his happiness, his fears for her health, the surrounding country, where he fancied he saw his Eleonora, preyed on his mind, and at
last

last his grief obtained vent by tears. He raised his clasped hands to the Almighty, and implored his protection for his wife and her infant. "Great Author of nature!" said Gomez, "Source and Support of all things! let me supplicate thee still to continue thy protection to one innocent, to one, thy simple child of nature, and of truth and virtue, my beloved Eleonora: protect her as she merits, strengthen her as she deserves, to fulfil the ends of her existence, to accomplish the ends of thy omniscient ordination in the intricate duties of a mother."

His mind became calm, and he returned to his house, and would no longer protract his visit to Eleonora's chamber. He found her asleep, with her arm uncovered: he lifted her hand gently, and let it lie softly on his own; looked at it; his tears bathed it; and he stooped and kissed it. Eleonora awoke,

woke, beheld him in tears, called him her Gomez, and knotted her arms round his neck; asked him why he was so long before he visited her; if he had seen her boy; and, ever after that time, he was almost incessantly with her.

The peculiar paleness of her cheeks, attendant on her confinement, now began to disappear. Her eyes regained their usual lustre, and danced in their usual manner over her cheeks, that were never naturally red; but, when she spoke, they were almost always flushed with blushes. Her lips obtained their ruby colour, and their gentle moisture seemed the effect of her perfumed breath, that distilled itself as it passed them.

She was soon able to walk about the grounds, and the incessant and unre-mitted attention of Alvarado helped her recovery.

He

He had built a little hut in a retired part of the grounds, and ornamented it with honeysuckle, sweet-brier, and jessamine, and he called it the Hermitage. When he rose to superintend the labourers, he would frequently return to tell Eleonora of some little intended improvement of a shade of light on the Hermitage, or invite her to rise, to breakfast under the large chesnut-tree near the house, or to taste the sweet air of the morning; or would sometimes, though rarely, (for, she anticipated his wish,) tell her that he wished for her at his side; for, he never moved with pleasure but when with her.

Gomez employed himself on the cultivation of his estate. He analyzed the soil, and disposed of it according to its relative qualities. He made wine and oil, and grew some corn. He was a humane and gentle master, though regular

gular and assiduous; and, at the end of the second year, his estate gave a produce that was fold for more than a sixteenth of the original purchase.

Eleonora's occupations were of an entirely different nature. She had the whole management of their internal affairs, the superintendence of the servants, the distribution of their business, a peculiar and strict regard to their manners, morals, and their attendance on divine service. Every month, they had a gala-day, and they met and danced: small presents were distributed among those who excelled, and prizes were given to the men who were more eminent than the rest in their different exercises.

Two years had elapsed in this undisturbed felicity, and Gomez was blessed with another son.

His

His friends in England had constantly corresponded with him; and Mr. Gonfalso had, for some time, intimated an intention of some part of his family going into the south of France, as necessary for the establishment of their health. On that intimation, Gomez immediately wrote the most pressing and warm solicitation to desire that they might put their resolution in practice; that he was situated in one of the most beautiful spots in the world, in the centre of Languedoc, and in the vicinity of the hot baths of *Bagneres* and *Cauterets*.

Moles and Gonfalso's two daughters made preparations for their journey, and left England soon after the receipt of Gomez' invitation. They passed from Calais to Paris, and from there, through Lyons, to Languedoc. The pleasure of travelling had such an effect on the mind,

and operated so powerfully to the re-establishment of their health, that they were almost cured before they had arrived in the south.

Expectations were raised on both sides. Mrs. Moles and sister wished to see Eleonora, for whom Gomez had so much suffered. They looked on him as a very eminent and accomplished man, and formed a favourable opinion of his wife. Eleonora knew that they were Gonfálvo's daughters, to whom her Gomez owed obligations, and she was attached to them before she had seen them. Their presence confirmed her attachment, and they were sensible of it.

The melancholy complexion of Miss Gonfálvo interested the feeling heart of Eleonora. Her face seemed the index of her mind, that expressed an inward and settled sorrow. She was frequently
cheerful,

cheerful, and sometimes gay and exhilarated; but sometimes a thought or an expression turned her thoughts on herself, and she then sunk into her habitual languor. Every means had been tried to dissipate it, but in vain. The soft manners and grave deportment of her sister made a different impression, though accompanied with equal pleasure. They were very soon intimate; and, from the pleasure they found in the society of each other, they separated themselves from Moles and Alvarado, who called them the *inseparables*.

Gomez' house was now more frequented than it had ever been, from the desire he felt to procure every pleasure that might amuse his visitors. The various impressions made on their minds by the novelty of the society and the characters that composed it, but, above all, the sweet attentions that they every

where received, tended to their recovery.

Several young men of distinction paid their addressee to Miss Gonsalvo; but neither their sentiments nor their language seemed to be the effect of the heart: they were all unsuccessful in obtaining her favour, and failed in their attempt of making the desired impression: their compliments seemed to convey a stronger idea of themselves than the impression of her, who was the object of them. She treated them with civility, expressive of obligation, though she listened to them with indifference.

Gomez received information from Spain, indicative of the declining health of Eleonora's father, who would never listen to the reasonable possibility of his daughter's existence. This intelligence deserved serious attention, as Don Velasquez de Castro's fortune, which was considerable,

considerable, would devolve to collateral heirs, unless his daughter's presence should contradict their reports, and her lawful claim oppose their pretensions; but her return to Spain would be attended with some difficulty, as Gomez could not risk a return, and Eleonora was not disposed to go without him, or even to leave her children, to seek a fortune. Moles reasoned with Gomez on the subject, and exposed the necessity of undertaking the journey, for the sake of the children. He proposed to him to return to Spain, and to conduct Eleonora with him, and to return with all possible expedition. The interest of those dear pledges of affection was a powerful and weighty reason; and, after long hesitation, he determined to sacrifice his own indulgence in the society of his wife to their benefit, but not without her consent.

Gomez broke the subject to Eleonora, who started at the proposition of leaving him, without considering the children. Then the obligation to go, the impossibility of his return, rushed on her mind: she threw her arms round his neck, and wept on his shoulder; and, whenever her tears permitted her expression, she could only say "Gomez! Gomez!"

In her moments of reflection, she weighed the necessity in her mind, and was convinced that no other motive could have influenced Gomez' proposal, as he shewed the greatest reluctance, that seemed to increase as she urged the obligation she was under to concede to the plan and assent to the journey.

While they were in this state of uncertainty, Moles was informed by his correspondents

correspondents that one of their ships was to sail from Cette to Barcelona; and, as it was determined and finally settled that Eleonora should return to Madrid, Mrs. Moles and her sister resolved, from affection and the desire of travelling, to accompany her. The uncertainty of the time of the ship's sailing, and the probability of being detained in port for some time, induced Gomez to accompany his wife and friends to Montpellier, and thence to Cette.

After two pleasant days of navigation, they congratulated each other on the prospect of the mountains of Catalonia; and, during the lapse of another hour, they perceived a sail, that proved to be an Algerine corsair, that was giving them chase. They crowded all their sail in vain; for, she gained fast upon them. In less than an hour she boarded them, and made them all pri-

soners : the men were put in chains ; the women were confined together.

Unhappy, amiable captives ! your sum of misfortunes it was impossible to calculate, as you were ignorant of the shocking purposes for which you were destined !

Moles contrived to give information of their captivity to Gonfalvo and Gomez, whose feelings, on receiving the news, are not easily to be described. One lamented the loss of two daughters, whose tender care and filial affection were the support of his life ; and the other his friend, his companion, his sister, his wife, his all, his Eleonora, the mother of his yet infant boys. Under each of these titles, under all the epithets that the feeling heart suggests when deprived of the object of its affection, he lamented her. His sorrow
was

was extreme : his grief impaired his reason. His life was despaired of.

The consuls and ambassadors of both France and England were applied to, to obtain the liberty of the unfortunate prisoners. No offered ransom could procure the release of the women, though Moles was offered his liberty, on the payment of a stipulated sum ; but, being deprived of the society of all he loved, he greatly disdained the offer. On their arrival at Algiers, Fanny Gonzalvo was immediately purchased by a merchant of Astracan, who had expressly come there to purchase an European maid. Eleonora and Sophia, who were more handsome, were presented to the dey, who placed the latter in his seraglio, and sent the former to the grand seignior.

The promised time, during which Velasquez was to expect his daughter, had

now elapsed. Prone to suspicion, which was increased by age and debility, he imagined that the letters he had received, which announced her intended visit, were forged, with an intention of obtaining the inheritance of his fortune by personating her after his death. Disappointed in her arrival, it was a presumption in his favour. The news of her capture aggravated his disbelief of her existence. His daughter, he said, had been found dead in her bed; the abbess of the nunnery of St. Francis had told him so: representations from Gomez and his friends to the contrary were useless; he treated them as ridiculously as her capture by the Algerine corsair, which he held in contempt, and despised it as a fable.

His relations flattered him in his opinion, and added strength to his persuasions of her death, in expectation of dividing his fortune. Their success was adequate

adequate to conviction, though they were frustrated in their hopes.

Velasquez became weaker every day; and, as he felt his strength fail him, he grew more superstitious. His confessor perceived his weakness, and was acquainted with his fortune. He talked to him on the subject of his affairs, flattered his ruling passion, extolled his happiness in having so much in his gift, such means to bless and to be blessed, by administering relief to the distressed, by bequeathing legacies to the poor, whose only dependence was on Divine Providence alone, whose affection was unbounded, whose cares and attentions were incessant, whose goodness was as unlimited as incomprehensible; that his donations to the poor were loans to their Protector: but, above all, he desired him to consider how he should best bestow: and where could he bet-

part, the poor of the church, the agents of Divine Will, the proclaimers of his word. He told him, that every ducat, bestowed on the house of God, or lent to his servants, would be repaid him ten fold. Here was money laid out at interest.

He approved of the plan of lending his money to the Holy Church after his death, and made a will, in which he left the greater part of his fortune to it, and the remainder to build a chapel, and to perform mass every day for the rest of his soul.

Gomez' affection for his children, and the help that they required, made his existence necessary and supportable. His eldest boy was five years old, and received constantly every impression of which his age was capable. He learned words in the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, languages, and became acquainted

acquainted with their idioms, without perceiving them. He had a taste for drawing; and a fiddle was placed in his hands, as a play-thing.

Moles was condemned to the drudgery of a slave, in a society of men the most depraved and abandoned, and under an overseer who exercised over them the most wanton and unexampled tyranny. Many men had fallen victims to his cruelty. After a year's labour, Moles became incapable of his duty. The manner of living and the heat of the weather threw him in so weak a state, that it was impossible to perform the task prescribed him. One day, the despondency of his mind and the reflections on his condition increased his debility, and he threw himself, in despair, on the ground. The surveyor struck him; his pride and indignation choked the explanation of his situation: the tyrant repeated his correction, and Moles
rose,

rose, and struck him dead on the spot.

The slaves, astonished at first at the act, were motionless for some moments, till a cry of joy and applause from a few roused the attention of the rest, and they all joined in the acclamation, and mutually assisted each other to throw off their fetters, and hurried round Moles to wait the issue, and to obey his commands.

He proceeded to the superior, accompanied by his brothers in affliction, and related the fact: surprised, and intimidated at the appearance of the released tumultuous body, he immediately told him, that the overseer had merited the punishment that he had inflicted, and that he had his pardon for the deed; but Moles said, he had not come to him to ask his life, which had been made a burthen to him ever since his captivity,

tivity, but to submit to the penalty he had incurred, and desired death in preference of a life of slavery. Awed by the noble and manly declaration, and the cool manner in which it was expressed, the master attempted an apology, by expatiating on the severity of his surveyor, and desired Moles to accept the superintendence, as the means of avoiding abuses hereafter, by a wise exertion of authority tempered with lenity.

Compassion for the sufferings of his fellow-creatures was the only motive that urged Moles to accept the charge. He told his master that he desired no increase of power, but desired that it might be left to his discretion to mitigate the labour of his companions; stating, as a reason, that their task was beyond the strength of many, and that the few who were capable, for a short time,

time, to sustain the duty, at length sunk under the imposition.

The opinion was conceded to; and Moles, under these circumstances, entered into his official situation.

The first thing that he did was, to diminish each man's duty to half of what it was before; and he superintended them with no whip, or any instrument of authority: the business was performed by the mere language of persuasion.

Their clothing and their food were better provided, and every necessary was attended to. The sick were treated with all the indulgence their situation required. Moles won their esteem and affection, and his master's confidence.

Not long after his appointment, an unexpected circumstance promoted his fortune.

fortune. The Dey of Algiers was at war with the Emperor of Morocco: the dey's territory had been over-run and laid waste by his enemies: he had no force sufficient to oppose them, and they had every where committed the most horrid devastation. The inhabitants who were farthest removed from the capital had fled into the more interior parts of the kingdom, carrying with them the consternation and dismay that the enemy had created by their approach. The panic spread to Algiers.

Moles had the entire confidence of the slaves; he had gained too their affections, which were founded on admiration and gratitude. He proposed to the master the idea of arming them, and promised to answer for the consequences. He told him he was confident that they would not abuse the trust he intended to repose in them, and

and that they would ground their arms whenever their services should be no longer necessary. He said his head should be the forfeit, if they acted inconsistent with the opinion he had delivered.

On this pledge of assurance, his plan was acceded to. Moles then repaired to the slaves; and, having assembled them together, he professed to them the confidence he had in their honour, and the declaration he had made to his superior. The shouts of acclamation prevented him from asking them if they would serve with him: they hailed him their leader; and, from the joy and the animation with which they embraced the cause, he saw victory in their countenances.

Arms were immediately given to them, and, for some days, he took great pains in teaching them to fire with quickness
and

and regularity, and to dispose themselves into columns without confusion. He attempted to teach them nothing beyond general evolutions, that were soon and easily attained. His attention was not ill bestowed.

In the mean time, the troops of the enemy advanced with the utmost rapidity. They pillaged the villages, and then set fire to them; and, as fear, when once seriously excited, is prone to increase rather than diminish, the people were in vain excited to oppose them; till, at length, Moles was satisfied with the tactics of his companions, and sallied forth to meet the enemy, without standards or military music. This spirited conduct created admiration in all that beheld them. They marched with the utmost good order, without noise or tumult; yet the confidence that Moles had inspired, the eagerness with which they desired battle, the pride of
men

men desirous of honour, the retrieval of their lost reputation and character, were evidently apparent in their respective countenances. The example diffused the panic of the trembling fugitives, and incited others into action. Hundreds joined him on his march.

Moles received information that the enemy had plundered a considerable village, and intended to remain there the following night, committing every excess, and revelling without the smallest mistrust. In order to be convinced of the truth of this report, Moles went himself to reconnoître their situation. The representation had not exceeded the fact: he found them in that confusion that usually accompanies a successful enterprise. Some were quarrelling over their plunder; but far the greater part was overcome by the grossest debauch and intoxicated with opium and spirits, and slept in the open
air

air before the day had closed. He returned with satisfaction to his companions; and, with joy sparkling in his countenance, he communicated to them what he had seen. His address to them was short: he said to them, they had an opportunity of acquiring liberty or an honourable death; and that he would lead them to *liberty* and victory. They manifested their disposition and their eagerness to engage by their vociferation, and one general and universal shout was their answer to his exhortation.

When the night was pretty well advanced, and their drunken excesses had closed their eyes, Moles advanced; and, as their numbers far exceeded his, he was necessitated to permit a slaughter that, at another moment, would not have been so justifiable, and many were put to the sword. The body-guard that surrounded the house of their commander had been sufficient to defeat them.

For

For some time, Moles experienced a vigorous defence; but having succeeded, at first, to set fire to some out-houses, and, at last, to the house itself, it was at length thrown into confusion: some threw down their arms, and asked quarter, others fled, some were killed, but the number of prisoners trebled Moles's company. The prisoners were handcuffed, and escorted to Algiers.

The result being successful, Moles's troops were much increased on their return by the junction of the country-people, who were full of courage when the danger was over. His number, which did not exceed eight hundred men on his first setting out, had augmented to three thousand on his return. He encouraged the disposition which he calculated might be of advantage to him at some future period. With this little successful band, who
had

had before been branded with every opprobrious epithet, who had been stigmatized as the outcasts of society, Moles returned in triumph.

The news of the victory had spread itself faster than his march. The dey dispatched a commissioner to Moles, with promises of future favour, and desiring that he should, in his name, announce freedom to the slaves, and that they might be lodged in the suburbs till barracks should be prepared for them; that he desired their future services, as regular troops; and that their pay had commenced from their first enrolment.

They had scarcely reached Algiers before Moles received intelligence that the enemy had again collected force sufficient to offer battle. He remained only a few days at Algiers, to equip
his

his men, and to arm the peasantry who had joined him on his return.

By his zeal and activity, he soon effected the necessary preparations for a second enterprise, and he sallied forth with the confidence of his companions, elated with their recent success, and in hopes, if not of obtaining victory, at least of checking their incursions.

His numbers, though much increased, had not increased in military skill. Their ignorance of tactics was, however, not so apparent as it would have been if they had had to oppose more regular troops. Moles was obliged to come to an engagement; and, though he sustained, for some time, the attack of the enemy, yet, after a short time, the terror and confusion among his men were almost universal. They were three times repulsed, but he once more animated them to charge the enemy; and, having

having chosen a select few, and knowing that every hope would be lost but by some bold stroke, he led the two hundred chosen men into the thickest of the battle, and where the royal standard floated in the air. The enemy's troops were astonished and intimidated at the boldness of the attempt: the charge was made with uncommon violence and impetuosity, and but feebly opposed. The shout of joy, on seeing the enemy give ground, struck dismay on one side, and, on the other, animated their courage. Arrived near the royal standard, Moles was desirous of seizing it. One of his company lost his arm in the attempt, when Moles revenged his death, and was successful in the attempt. At the same time, the general of the enemy was taken prisoner; and the rest of the troops, having rallied at the example of the few, made one more vigorous onset, and were

happy in effecting the flight of the enemy.

Thus crowned with another victory, Moles returned to Algiers, to reap the fruits of it. A commissioner met him on his return, who complimented him on his success, and added the same orders that had been before given to him. He presented Moles with a sword from the dey. On the arrival of the troops at Algiers, they were lodged in the suburbs. Moles received orders to wait on the dey, and he received the most flattering marks of favour, with promises of the highest reward.

Moles's mind was too intent on other objects to engage itself with the promises and future prospects which the dey held out to him: he was too much employed in the thoughts of being able to liberate his fair companions in captivity. The fate of his wife, of
Fanny,

Fanny, and the amiable Eleonora, sat too much at his heart to permit him to indulge in the flattering rêveries attendant on success, or the visions of future prosperity. His own unexpected good fortune, and the favours to be consequently conferred on him, were the cause of keeping alive the reasonable hope of obtaining their enfranchisement.

Yet, amidst all his hopes, he trembled at the idea of meeting his Sophia. Nature, circumstance, and necessity, were powerful adversaries, when set in competition with sensibility and faithfulness. He was frequently driven to distraction when he thought on the possibility of the seduction of his wife's affections from him.

Moles made inquiries after the women who had been made captives in the same ship with him. It was with

difficulty that he obtained intelligence; but, at length, received positive and unquestionable information, that was afterwards ratified by an officer of the house, that Sophia, who was ascertained by description, was in the dey's seraglio, Eleonora had been sent to Constantinople, and that Fanny had been sold to a merchant of Astracan, who came every year to Algiers to purchase European women.

This certain information gave him great pleasure, though he was sick to his heart when he thought of the purposes for which they were destined; probably, purchased to kindle the dying embers of the old and emaciated, or to stimulate into action the impotent wishes of a load of life. These were bitter reflections, and unavailing.

The merchant was richly indemnified for these slaves that the dey retained

tained in his service, and received some honour from his having so readily acceded to the enterprise. Moles was created an officer in the troops of the line.

Negotiations for peace were opened between the powers at war, and Moles was deputed to transact the business on the part of the dey. He fulfilled his mission as a politician with as much honour to himself and satisfaction to the dey as he had done that of a soldier. In one of the articles, he stipulated for the extension of his territory to a more natural boundary, to a chain of hills, and a large river that would much facilitate the means of defence if again, at any future period, they should attempt their unjust and lawless incursions.

On his return, he was treated with every mark of distinction and favour,

and was desired to request any place or appointment, in return for his services. Moles requested the favour of a private audience, which being granted, he fell on his knees, and entreated his indulgence to listen to him, and, if not grant, at least to forgive, his request. The dey immediately raised him from the ground, and told him that he had already received his promise to grant any thing that he could request, and he still made the proposal with the greatest pleasure, as he knew his honour, and trusted to his discretion. Moles then prefaced his request by saying, that he could not divest himself of the weakness attendant on human nature, and no honour, fame, fortune, or emolument, could relieve his mind from its anxiety, unless restored to the woman of his heart, who could participate and share these splendid blessings. "I have
"a wife, sire," said Moles in continuation, "who is in your majesty's service."
"raglio."

"raglio." Here he stopped. The dey answered him, that he would fulfil his promise; and, as he understood that he wished she should be restored to him, [here, Moles bowed respectfully,] she should be immediately delivered to him.

Of all the women of his seraglio, Sophia had gained the greatest ascendancy over him. A plurality of women creates rivalry among them: an obedience to the will and compliance with desire were the only means which they made use of to gain the affection and favour of their master. The facility with which he gained possession left him no ardour of pursuit: his pride was never gratified in the accomplishment of his desires, as his wishes were always prevented.

The deep sorrow and melancholy distress of Sophia, when first placed in the seraglio, were so uncommon, that they

created the astonishment of the whole company, and raised the attention and wonder of the dey, who, when he visited her, her distress bordered on madness. The novelty of her case, and pity for her agitated and distressed heart, created an interest in his breast which he never before experienced; and, as she continued for some time in this unhappy situation, he had an opportunity of shewing every attention that was necessary, to restore her to a natural tranquillity. For some time, every effort was in vain made use of.

The mind of the dey grew more and more interested in proportion as her grief baffled every artifice that was suggested to mitigate or appease it.

Public and private entertainments were given, at which she was obliged to attend: all the luxuries of the world were thrown at her feet: her apartments were frequented

frequented by women whom she deemed beautiful to excess, whose language of persuasion might conduce to relieve the anxiety of her heart: yet every effort was practised to no purpose.

Her mind was never at ease but when left to herself: when alone, she poured out the effusions of her heart on her paper, or accompanied her voice on her instrument, singing some plaintive air, at intervals interrupted by her tears.

The interest that the dey had taken was soon turned into passion, and the visits, that were at first insupportable, were now permitted, as he disdained to use an authority that chance had thrown in his way, or to use persecution where most he loved. Her permission of his visits was received and expressed with the pleasure it conveyed, the unaffected result of true passion; and her privacy

was never broke in upon when she desired to be alone, though a gentle remonstrance was the consequence of her refusal.

Having thus inspired passion, it was impossible to be insensible to attentions that were the result of it. Her reflections led her from the effect to the cause: the offensive dominion gratified the mind. Obedience to her desires was the sole means which could at first dissipate the mind from brooding over its own sorrow, as it participates distress by its interest in alleviating it. This is the first act of friendship.

After some time, her anxiety became less vehement, and the dey was gratified in viewing the progress towards success. His visits were permitted more frequently than at first; and, as *on* "*ne pleure pas toujours*," she bore, with patience and resignation, his importunity, and

and deemed herself ungrateful to return
ought for love but equal love.

When the dey had made inquiries
among the eunuchs for the European
lately purchased, and captured in a Dutch
merchantman, and had discovered that
it was Sophia, he repented of his pro-
mise. For some time, he argued with
himself whether he should deliver her;
but his word had been given, and how
could he recall it? He paid a visit to
Sophia, and the answers that she made
to the questions that he put to her
were the cause of complying with his
promise. He asked her if she loved
him? She said she did. — Did she
love another? She said she did, —
If she wished to see that man again?
She said she did, and would love him
better if he would grant her that fa-
vour. — The dey heard her answers with
astonishment, and every word pierced his
G 6 heart.

heart. He immediately left her, and retired to his apartment.

The next day he sent for Muley, which was the name under which Moles was known among the Algerines. He told him he had suffered much, in consequence of his request; but, as his word had been given, he had determined to act conformably to it. He thanked him sincerely for his services; told him that he should experience more substantial proofs of his regard when his wife would be delivered to him, which would be in the morning of the next day; and that it was with grief, he said, that he was necessitated to add the expediency of his leaving his kingdom immediately after. Moles was surprised at this last injunction, but the concise and explicit manner in which it was delivered left him without a reply.

No

No time had ever appeared so long to him as the time from which the day had dismissed him to the moment of his setting out to take his long-lost wife. He was conducted before him once more, and talked over some plans that Moles had proposed for the better defence of his kingdom: and, on his taking leave, he told him that he parted from him with the deepest regret.

On his leaving the audience-chamber, he perceived three eunuchs waiting at the door; and, by the other attendant, it was signified to him that he was to follow them: he did so, and he was conducted through several apartments to a large hall, in which there were twelve others: they all respectfully bowed; and, having arranged themselves, some before and some behind him, and his first escort having again bowed, they retired,

retired, and he was conducted by the second into a garden, over the walls of which he perceived the top of a palanquin that approached him. After some delay, and after having disappeared and appeared again, the large gates of the opposite side of the garden were opened, and he perceived Sophia's figure. After having deposited the palanquin, the slaves retired: they were then escorted to carriages of the dey; one covered one for themselves, and two others with Sophia's wardrobe and the dey's presents to Moles, and were conducted to Moles's hotel by the dey's guards.

In this covered carriage, that seemed destined to conceal his transports, (for, the light and air entered through the top,) he clasped Sophia in his arms, and forgot all the expectations that he had lost in viewing what he had recovered.

Sophia,

Sophia, during her residence in the seraglio, and particularly at her departure, had received presents to a considerable amount; and the dey had generously ordered a present to be made to Moles to the amount of about two thousand pounds English, for his speedy removal according to his orders.

Moles's first determination was, to cross the Mediterranean, and to stay some time with his friend Gomez; but the strange fatality that attends all our actions prevented him from putting his resolution in practice.

Moles had contracted with a French merchant, to carry himself and his wife to Marseilles. Their trunks were on-board; when, as they were going into the boat to reach the ship, their attention was taken up by a young foreigner, who had walked two or three times by

by them, and, at last, bowing to them, and looking steadfastly at Sophia, he asked her, in English, if she had not a sister. Being answered in the affirmative, and scarcely answered, he said, "Fanny?" "Yes." — "And, then, "you are Gonfálvo's daughter?" "Yes, "sir." The young man then apologized for his having addressed her, and told her, that her sister lived, and made him the happiest of men: for, he had the honour of being her husband. "Fanny is then alive! O my sister!" exclaimed Sophia, while the tears ran from her cheeks, and her eyes turned to heaven.

Moles then explained to him, that they were just going to embark for Marseilles, that all their luggage was on-board, but that they could not leave Algiers till they saw Fanny. He, in reply, told him, that Fanny was at Smyrna, and that he was going to her; that

that his ship was to sail the next day; that his wife wanted nothing but the society of her family to make her completely happy. "As for myself," he added, "I had nothing to wish for from the moment that I possessed her: yet, by description, and by frequent description, I was taught a want of that society which was so amiable and so regretted."

"We must stay for dear Fanny," said Sophia. "To be sure," replied Moles, "were life the forfeit."

"As you have discharged your house, I presume, as I found you just going to embark," continued Iziluf, "let me invite you to my apartment, and I will give directions that your trunks may be removed." He then turned to his servants, who followed him, and gave orders to that effect.

They

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They

They returned to Algiers ; and, when the thoughts of their connection had dissipated the restraint attendant on an acquaintance so newly made, they inquired more particularly after Fanny's health, and her adventures consequent to her capture and her purchase.

Iziluf related, that the Persian merchant who had purchased her at Algiers carried her to Smyrna ; and, as he was indebted to him a much larger sum than he was able to pay, he had shewn him his new purchase, whose natural beauty was much increased by the grief with which she seemed to be overwhelmed, and, having observed the impression that her first sight had made on him, which it was impossible to conceal from the most indifferent observer, and which was confirmed by the frequent visits that he paid her, and which were consented to by the merchant, but al-
ways

ways in the presence of a third person, which was no impediment to him, as their conversation was always in English, to which she was a stranger. In a few days, he grew, he said, distractedly fond of her; he told the merchant that he desired to purchase her, who offered her for the acquittal of his debt; but with this proviso, that, unless he gained her consent, he would never exercise over her the authority of a master.

“These declarations, with many thousand others, were made to Fanny; but the idea of renouncing possession of her person, unless by her own consent, when it was possible to effect it by other means, so suited her ideas, and her just and delicate ideas of an institution that ought always to ensure content, first disposed her to listen to my suit. After that, “I rejected,” continued Iziluf, “the plurality

“ plurality permitted by our law, and
“ was forced to suggest it to her; for,
“ her delicacy would never have permit-
“ ted her to make the declaration, how-
“ ever much she might have wished it.

“ After these premises had been made,
“ he said he consented to the agree-
“ ment before-stated, and I gave him
“ my receipt for his debt, and he ce-
“ ded his purchase, with the authority
“ of the article of agreement. I waited
“ on Fanny, and told her she was free,
“ and at liberty to return to her own
“ country; that all that I asked was
“ the permission of being useful to her
“ to accompany her in her return, to
“ wait on her with the obedience of a
“ slave, but with the anxiety and atten-
“ tion of a lover.

“ Tears spoke her gratitude. She
“ threw herself in my arms, and was
“ mine for ever.”

His

His language, his manners, the tear standing in his eyes, while he recited his conquest, spoke the accomplished and refined man, and declared, at the same time, the nobleness and goodness of his heart.

Sophia and Moles were enamoured with his noble conduct, and told him that he had every claim to the admiration of the world and the love and esteem of the woman he had more than merited.

The next morning early, they embarked for Smyrna. On their arrival in the harbour, after a pleasant navigation, Izidul dispatched a boat, with a letter to his wife, to prepare her for the visit of her sister and Moles, for fear that their too sudden appearance might create indisposition. Shortly after the receipt of the letter, they arrived

at

at Iziluf's house: Fancy clasped them again and again, alternately in her arms, and assured them that nothing was now wanting to complete her happiness.

Iziluf was the only son of a merchant of Smyrna, who had made an immense fortune by trade, and who had left the whole of it to him. His house, his retinue, and his whole establishment, were in the first style of elegance. Asiatic pomp and European elegance were visible in his entertainments; and he took all the pains in his power to convince his friends of the real and sincere happiness he felt in his new acquaintance.

Fanny ordered the children to be brought, and presented two girls to her sister. Being encouraged by the caresses of her aunt, the eldest child said to her mother she would repeat her lesson, and began to recite a prayer which

was

was evidently Mahometan, and declared at once that they were elevated in that faith. Iziluf drew Moles aside, and talked to him on the subject, fearing that it might have been displeasing. Moles, as a liberal man, soon satisfied his anxiety; while Fanny declared to her sister that she had changed her religion, and had become a Mahometan; that the cause of her apostasy was in obedience to the wishes of her husband, which were founded in good sense, as particular customs, manners, and worship, might clash with the injunctions of his religious tenets, and which he was bound to correct, and which her principles had inculcated and had obliged her to perform, and which, if performed, would be in direct disobedience to that vow that she had made to obey him.

She added, farther, that all the various religions, as she thought, were
indifferent

indifferent in themselves; that they were adapted to the governments of the places where they were established; and that they were good or bad according as they agreed or disagreed with those governments. Then she blessed the moment that she had first beheld her Izidul; declaring, that, from that moment to the very time in which she was speaking, every day, and every hour of the day, she had been improved by him. Then, kissing fondly his hand, she shewed that her tongue did not belie her feelings.

Moles wrote from Smyrna, to Gonfalso and Gomez, immediately on his arrival, and was shewn by Fanny the plaintive packet of the letters of her father and Gomez. It was impossible to read those of both without being deeply affected; but to Moles, who had been the innocent cause of their capture, the effect was doubled.

The

The letters of Gomez were filled with the utmost sorrow, where you discovered, and but seldom, the strength of his manly mind attempting to combat the poignancy of his distress.

The distraction and depression of his agitated heart were but too apparent; and in vain were the pages rayed with the force of reason.

Owing to the information that he had received, that Eleonora was in the grand seignior's seraglio at Constantinople, the letters that they had latterly received seemed to have been written with more composure, and, from the despair of ever again seeing her, with entire resignation.

Moles endeavoured, by his writing, to revive the drooping spirits of his friend, by inspiring a hope of being

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again

again united to the darling of his heart. He assured him, that he was devising the means of obtaining the possession of her, and that he would go to Constantinople for that purpose.

The opinion of Moles, that Eleonora was in the seraglio of the grand seignior, deprived Gomez of the only hope he had left; for, he was not so idle as to imagine that her recovery was possible to be effected.

However grounded the opinion of Moles was, and which he transmitted to the unhappy Gomez, it was fortunately not true: Eleonora, though in captivity, enjoyed every thing that could be devised to make that captivity supportable.

The dey had entrusted her to one of the bashaws, who was in the particular confidence of the grand seignior, to present

present her to his master. The manners and person of Eleonora captivated him so much that he fell in love with her, and determined to stake the pomp and glory of the world, his honour and his life, to possess her.

Ifraim had spent many years in the character of ambassador. Under this title, he had lived a long time in the most polished courts of Europe, but particularly in France. From habit, the manners of Europe were more pleasing to him than those of his own country. For an inhabitant and a native of Turkey, he well deserved the title of a learned man; and, from his residence in Europe, he had laid aside many national prejudices.

On his return from Spain, Ifraim had stopped at Algiers, and was informed of the late capture, and the dey's intention of sending a present of an European

ropean woman to the grand seignior. Shortly after, the dey himself gave him the same information, declaring that he meant to confide the lady to his care to present her to his master.

On the first news of the capture, Ifraim had intended to purchase one of the Europeans, if they answered the description that had been made to him; but the sale had taken place so instantaneously that he was prevented. He had not long to regret his disappointment; for, at the first sight of Eleonora, he was captivated with her beauty. He felt a moment's pain when he thought that he was driven, by the force of affection, to betray the trust reposed in him; but he was in love, and would have thrown worlds at her feet, had he possessed them, to purchase her smile, and would have sacrificed his life for her enjoyment.

As

As soon as Eleonora was delivered to his wardship, she was treated with all the respect and honour due to a beauty who was to share the sultan's embrace. She was habited after the Turkish fashion, and her beauty appeared with double lustre; and, in I-fraim's opinion, she was ten times more enchanting. When he visited her, he expressed, at first, those attentions only that became him as due to a sultana of the grand seignior; but, secretly impatient of the delay that obliged him to mask his feelings, he waited with anxiety the opportunity that her departure would give him to disclose them.

At length the necessary preparations were made for her voyage, and the day was fixed for her embarkation.

Eleonora's sorrow, from the first moment of her captivity, was not so ap-

parent as might be naturally expected. It was her constant study to conceal it from every one that surrounded her. She pined in secret, while her conduct seemed to yield to circumstances. Her grief preyed on her mind, and every day of her captivity impaired her health and enfeebled her whole frame so much, that she was incapable of bearing the impression of a reverse of fortune.

The vessel that conveyed Eleonora and Iffraim to Constantinople had been before employed on similar occasions. The rooms destined for the sultana and her attendants were set apart from the rest, and, from custom, Iffraim was prevented paying those visits which his soul thirsted after: his passion, however, soon mastered the rules of such cold usage.

The attendants were all creatures of his own selection; and he had chosen those who could not speak any European

pean language. This was a sufficient reason for breaking through the common prescribed rules, and the pretence of society was an additional reason.

In the first visit that he paid her, he had determined in his own mind to declare his passion; but he was prevented by that diffidence which always accompanies it. Iffraim, too, discovered an inward sorrow, with which he sympathized. His visits were every day more frequent, but, for some days, without any declaration of his sentiments. The pleasures of her society seemed to him to be the only wish of his heart; every ruder passion had subsided, and, unless reminded by the ship's crew of the progress that the vessel had made, and in what time they calculated their arrival, he seemed to himself, on reflection, that he had forgotten his main design in the enjoyment of her company.

At length, as if roused from slumber, he hurried to her apartments, and commenced the discovery, as he thought, of his affection; but the uniform tenor of his conduct had raised suspicions in Eleonora's mind that hardly wanted confirmation.

Ifraim requested Eleonora to acquaint him of the place of her destination previous to her capture, with the intentions of her voyage, and as much of her history as she pleased to recite. It was a relief to her mind to have a person to whom she could communicate it, as the disclosure of misfortune tends to its alleviation. She ran through the principal circumstances of her life with rapidity. Every scene of distress, Ifraim sympathized with; but, at some parts, he attempted in vain to disguise his emotions, and the tears stole down his cheeks.

Her

Her first affection, the mutual passion that existed between her and Gomez, the difficulties with which their union was effected, their happy settlement and the cause of her separation, the motives that urged her to acquiesce to it, the cause of her going alone, and then the disappointment in effecting her intention, the capture, and her destination, were told with the simplicity and energy that proceeded from the feelings of her stricken heart.

The reflection that suggested itself to Ifraim, that she had never commenced her unfortunate tale of distress, which she had related, not accompanied with dislike to the recital, and the probability that she had never told it unless solicited, was a much stronger claim to his admiration and his love.

H 5

When

When she had finished, he attempted some observations, but was prevented. He tried several times to turn the conversation on some points of her story that were of less consequence, and on which he conjectured he was adequate to make remarks, but his grief totally prevented him from proceeding.

After some time, he told her that he could disguise himself no longer, that she could best attribute the motive of his distraction, that he could make no apology for it, that she must divine the cause of the involuntary effect. —
 “ I have been, ever since the first moment I saw you,” said Iffraim, “ very
 “ wretched; a slave to the sensations
 “ which you inspired. I know what
 “ ought to be my conduct, what ought
 “ to be the result and consequence of
 “ my affection: I know I ought, at
 “ the peril of my life and fortune, to
 “ liberate

“ liberate her whom I adore more than
 “ either; yet, believe the sincerity of
 “ my soul’s passion, while I know what
 “ ought to be my line of duty, I am
 “ rendered as incapable of performing
 “ what I ought as I am of divesting
 “ myself of the affection with which I
 “ glow. If you are not insensible to my
 “ emotions, compassionate the wretch-
 “ edness of one who only wishes to be
 “ your slave; who swears, most solemn-
 “ ly swears, that his designs shall never
 “ raise a blush on thy dear cheek, and
 “ that he will ever live thus only
 “ blessed, and kneeling to thy beauty.
 “ Choose, then, Eleonora, whether you
 “ prefer to be delivered to one whose
 “ embrace shall be actuated by ca-
 “ price, whose choice is directed by
 “ the novelty of the object, who pos-
 “ sesses many, and submit thy lovely
 “ delicacy to the hazard of a loathed
 “ election; or to bless him with thy
 “ smile whose heart you have captiva-

"ted, and whose fortune he will throw
 "at your feet. I shall ask no imme-
 "diate reply; your blushes confuse me.
 "I will leave you to your own medi-
 "tations, but I leave you with re-
 "gret."

When left to herself, she was dis-
 tracted with the necessity of decision.
 At one moment she determined to go
 to the grand sultan, and to prostrate
 herself at his feet to entreat his com-
 passion, and to be sent back to her hus-
 band: she imagined his refusal, and
 that plan was rejected. Many suggested
 themselves, and they were all given up.
 The moment pressed when she must de-
 cide. — Fatal decision!

Ifraim had offered friendship and love;
 but what love? the love of a conque-
 ror. He appeared sincere; he professed
 affection; he swore no rude violation;
 he made no proposals in consequence: —
 of

of what? of assent. To what? —
 Never! oh, never! never!

These were the thoughts that agitated her mind during Ifraim's absence; and, while she argued even in his favour, to trust to the love and honour that he had professed, a thousand doubts occurred that combated every argument. Then she cried and reasoned with herself alternately, and could make no decision.

When Ifraim visited her the next day, he found her in the deepest sorrow. Her eyes were swoln from the effect of weeping, and she was so ill that she could scarcely speak. On his approach, she burst into tears, and entreated him to stab her to the heart rather than ask an answer to his proposals. Ifraim was deeply affected at her situation: again and again he protested an honourable passion, wept over her, and entreated her

her to compose her agitated mind. He told her he wished for nothing more than to serve her, and that he would never torture her by soliciting a choice.

Eleonora now became sea-sick; and the state of mind in which she was did not contribute to her speedy recovery.

The lofty towers of Constantinople now appeared in view, and Ifraim regretted that his voyage was so soon accomplished. He now began to think seriously of putting some plan in execution by which he might retain Eleonora, and, at the same time, not appear to have violated his duty.

There arose some difficulty in the accomplishment of his purpose; but his passion was of that violent nature that he determined no obstacle should impede his wishes. There was, among the attendants, a young woman who had
some

some person, and about the age of Eleonora. Ifraim pitched on her, and even meditated her death to obtain his wished-for end. He determined to poison her on the very night of their landing, and to spread the report of the death of the sultana destined for the grand seignior. This would be more readily believed, even by those who might obtain other means of information, as Eleonora's late indisposition gave a colour to the propagation of the falsehood.

The languor attendant on Eleonora's recovery gave a peculiar beauty to her *Madonna* countenance, and added fresh fuel to Ifraim's fire, and hurried him to the execution of his detested plan.

In the blindness of his passion, the sacrifice of the young woman was readily determined on, though unaccustomed
to

to commit crimes of any nature; and, in the cooler moments of reflection, his heart shrunk at the idea.

On coming on shore, Iffraim was received with warmth and affection by his friends, which he only returned with coldness and chagrin. This could not pass unnoticed by those to whom he was most dear; and it was more particularly remarked by his friend Alcanor, with whom he had preserved the most intimate friendship from his earliest years. They had no secret from each other; and they both knew each other's heart so thoroughly, that, had either of them attempted to conceal a thought from the other, he would have betrayed himself by the very effort he should make to disguise it.

Alcanor read something in Iffraim's face that betrayed some uneasiness of the mind. His cheeks, he thought,
were

were sunk, his person thinner than on his departure, and a wild look with his eyes still farther confirmed his suspicions. The appearance altogether of his friend distressed him deeply, and the very first opportunity he took occasion to speak to him on the state of his mind.

Ifraim was not less desirous to communicate those uneasy sensations that preyed on him, and to beg his friend's counsel and assistance.

When Alcanor heard the unfortunate story of his friend's passion, he sympathized much with him. Ifraim accompanied the recital with those expressions that border on madness, and, at other moments, with expressions of sorrow that seemed little short of a melancholy mania.

Alcanor became quite interested in his friend's distress, and attempted in vain
to

to console him. Ifraim had not communicated his intention of sacrificing Eleonora's attendant, and Alcanor was at a loss by what means to assist him. At length, Ifraim grew encouraged from Alcanor's participation of his misfortune, and communicated his design to him, and solicited his assistance in its execution. Alcanor shrunk with horror at the declaration, and told him that some unworthy person had instigated him to such an act, as he knew his heart, and was well persuaded that such a diabolical plot could never have entered it but from the persuasion of another person, and could not have been adopted by him but from the state of mind that he was then in.

“ My dear friend,” said Alcanor, in continuation, “ I perceive, by your manly frankness in having imparted your design to me, you are but half a villain, a mere novice in the perpetration

"tration of a bad action. Believe me,
 "it is better you should give up the
 "idea altogether: endeavour to appease
 "the passion. If you could once con-
 "trive to oppose it, you would acquire
 "new strength daily, and, at length,
 "you would, I am persuaded, totally
 "overcome it. Suppose you should
 "run no risk to be discovered, could
 "your mind be at ease to enjoy your
 "success after the commission of so foul
 "a deed?" — "I would give worlds,"
 said Ifraim, "to obtain her, and I will
 "sacrifice myself, or I will possess her."

Alcanor saw lightning dart from his
 eyes at his angry speech, and forbore
 to urge him farther on the subject.

Alcanor then remained silent and
 thoughtful for some moments, then ad-
 dressing himself to Ifraim, "I believe,
 "my friend," said he, "I can suggest
 "a plan that may be pursued, whereby
 "you

“ you can accomplish your wishes with-
“ out the aid of either a dagger or
“ a bowl.” — “ How? How?” said
Ifraim, with impatience. — “ I have
“ now in my possession a young Vene-
“ tian girl, who has but lately arrived
“ here, who is entirely ignorant of our
“ language, customs, and manners; and,
“ what I propose, is to substitute the
“ Venetian in the place of your slave.”
— “ My best Alcanor! . . . my friend!
“ . . . my thanks would be too cold
“ for such generosity. In the anguish
“ of my heart, in the paroxysm of my
“ passion, I invented the murderous cru-
“ elty, but you have instilled virtue in-
“ to my breast, and taught me to look
“ on myself with shame, and shudder
“ at my intentions. Your suggestion is
“ admirable, and I will adopt the plan
“ with pleasure.”

The next day Ifraim went to court,
and had a private audience with the
grand

grand seignior. He gave him a short account of his travel, and delivered the dey's letters, and waited his orders to deliver his fair charge to his master; at the same time assuring him, that, if fame had not exceeded, she was one of the most beautiful women in Europe. That the confidence of his master entitled him to the privilege of obtaining a sight of her person, but the permission he had not availed himself of, and had never seen her.

The sultan was pleased with Ifraim's delicacy; at the same time his curiosity was raised on his report, and he desired that he would conduct her to the seraglio in the evening. Ifraim retired, and hurried to his friend Alcanor, who gave the necessary orders preparatory to her introduction. No art was spared that could contribute to add to the brilliancy of her beauty.

On

On being informed that she was destined to share the favours of the sultan with the beauties of Georgia and Circassia, her heart was elated with the honour. She became a favourite with the sultan, who bestowed some promotion on Ifraim, and returned some handsome present to the Dey of Algiers.

Ifraim then returned to Eleonora with redoubled affection after having been successful in the execution of his project, which he instantly, and with rapture, imparted to her. He avoided the telling her what a risk he had run, but merely made a simple narration of his conduct, and left it to her feelings to put the interpretation that they might dictate.

So far, he told her, he had acted without her permission; but, as he had perceived a dislike to a decision, he was obliged

obliged to act in conformity with his own feelings, which placed himself in a state of vassalage, not her under the dominion of a master: but that, from that moment, he was resolved to shew her that his disobedience, in the first instance, was necessary only to convince her how devoted he was to her, how resolved he was to act conformably to his former declarations, to do every thing that his affection could invent to make her life happy, without presuming on his own attentions, or soliciting any thing beyond the enjoyment of her society.

If Eleonora had been necessitated to declare her choice between the sultan and Iffraim, such repeated protestations must have had some weight, and might have given the preponderance in his favour. She was assured, in the one case, to be treated as a slave, while the declarations in the other arose from feelings which carried a probability and hope

hope that they might be one day softened so far in her favour as to accede to her ultimate wish, her liberation; and its consequence, her restitution to the arms of her beloved Gomez. She was pleased, too, that Ifraim had acted without her determination, which, if it had corresponded with his wishes, he might have presumed on her decision. The conduct of Ifraim was certainly conformable to his declarations; for, he loved her to distraction, and his whole time was employed in devising the means whereby her captivity might be rendered bearable. His wishes appeared limited to the desire of her conversation: her gratitude was at length excited, and she pitied where she could not redress. Her person was liable to violation, which he disdained, while he loathed the sight of those who had formerly contributed to his pleasures, and he took care to convince her of his life of celibacy.

Thus,

Thus, in the madness of passion, did Ifraim spend his time; never happy but when in Eleonora's society; and in that state of torture he was to remain, in order to act consistently with those obligations he was under to her, never to solicit for what his soul thirsted after. When Eleonora's sorrow, however, had somewhat abated of its poignancy, and gratitude found a home in her breast, he no longer forbore to make some delicate entreaties which had not any apparent end. Her manners became more kind towards Ifraim, though not less virtuous: the consequence was unforeseen by her, and his passion increased: he forgot all promises, and knelt more to her than he did at mosque. The importunity and anxiety of his mind threw him ill, and he wasted away daily. Pity then moved Eleonora.

The life that Iffraim led created the curiosity of his household, and reached the ears of Zorainda, a woman of the seraglio, who had possessed his heart for many years. Exasperated at the preference shewn to Eleonora, she resolved to revenge herself on the bashaw, but was unsuccessful in the attempt, and was obliged to leave the seraglio in consequence.

Zorainda had two children by Iffraim: two boys, both handsome, but the eldest of uncommon beauty. They had been bred, from their earliest years, at a distance from their father, whom they had never seen, and were ignorant of his existence.

Zorainda, deprived of every comfort, (for, without Iffraim's affection, life was bitter to her,) paid a visit to her children, and resolved to make the eldest
of

of them the instrument of his fortune and her revenge. She couched the cause of her jealousy under so many and various insults, that, at first, his young mind entered into all the distress that his mother depicted, and sympathized with her feelings. She then entreated his assistance in accomplishing her revenge, and he warmly embraced her cause, and desired her to command his life.

He was instructed in female manners, and disguised in the dress of a maid, in order to procure his admission into his father's seraglio, where he was to poison Eleonora: to effect his escape immediately after the dose was administered; or to discover himself as the son of the bashaw, if taken.

This design of his mother's was frustrated in its outset. Seim was admitted into the seraglio; but he saw, and loved.

He was placed near Eleonora, in the capacity of a waiting-maid, and every intention subsided into affection. Instead of presenting to her the poisoned cup, he drew poison from her eyes, words, lips, and person, that soon rankled in his veins, and infused no rage but that of love.

Admitted into her apartments at all moments, he had opportunities of seeing those beauties which were commonly concealed. He gazed on her person; and, in officiating at her toilet, his fingers played about her neck and waist: that, in another, might have created suspicion. He protested frequently to her that he would rather be her slave than exchange his situation with the grand seignior: that, if he were a man, he told her, he should love her: and that it was such beautiful women as herself that his prophet had promised to the good for ever, by the name of *kouris*:

they

they could not be more handsome, and her voice was sweeter to him than if he was told to seat himself on a throne: she was all divine, and her voice was angelical. His sex was not suspected, and Eleonora loved him for his assiduity and attachment. His simple compliments, that, in another, would have been displeasing, she forgave, as they came from one of her own sex.

Seim's passion increased, and he meditated sometimes to declare himself, to expose his passion, the motives of his coming into the seraglio, and his subduction from his design by Eleonora's beauty; but love and fear prevented him.

The effeminacy in which Seim had been educated facilitated the imposition; and, as his person was beautiful, he was never suspected; but, from what motive he created a passion in the breast

of a woman, it is difficult to account.

As Eleonora disliked the retinue that was first ordered to attend her, she dismissed the whole suite, except a maid by the name of Azela, whose apartment was adjacent to that of Seim's. As they were united in the same service, and always together, Azela, though perfectly ignorant of the sex of her companion, soon felt sparks of affection that were far beyond those which she had ever felt before, and far exceeded the ties of friendship. So eloquent is the voice of nature!

Azela frequently observed a peculiar attention in Seim's manners when he waited on Eleonora in the morning, and an agitation accompanied with blushes; while his hands trembled and his legs shook under him when he attended her at the bath. She observed, too, that,

that, when he assisted, which he was always anxious to do, in drying and wiping her, he became pale, and drew his breath with difficulty; and, when he answered, he could only eject one word at a time. This she was at a loss to account for.

Azela's apartment was divided from Seim's only by a thin partition, which easily admitted the voice to pass through it; and was distinctly heard on the other side. She had frequently heard him lamenting some misfortune, accusing his situation, and ejaculating some incoherent words; and, sometimes, in a manner that left her no doubt of the uneasiness of his mind. She never inquired the cause, nor even noticed it to him, but frequently listened to connect his words, and to become acquainted with his secret. After waiting some time unsuccessfully, she at last grew impatient, and, one night, pro-

ceeded to the door of his apartment, where she distinctly heard him repeat Eleonora's name, in his sleep, accompanied with epithets of endearment which astonished her, and prompted her to enter the apartment. The moon shone, and she discovered the fundamental cause of so much uneasiness to him, and was confirmed in her suspicions of his love for Eleonora. Confirmed of his sex, she found him gripping the clothes with an extended arm, and his short murmurs spoke the mind in a dream. She could no longer refrain, but threw herself on him and woke him, with her arms round his neck and her mouth glewed to his. Seim woke as in a fright, and cried out several times, "*Eleonora!*" till he discovered his mistake; but his whole soul was her's, and he was as insensible to Azela's caress as he would have been if he had been a woman.

Mortified

Mortified at the exposure of her person, but more so at the rejection of it, she hoped she could move him to compassion by threatening to discover his sex, which only raised his indignation and contempt, and he spurned her like a dog from his sofa, and gave himself up to his fate.

Azela scarcely waited the break of day to find an eunuch to discover Seim's sex, and declaring his love for Eleonora as the sole cause that instigated him to the disguise that had procured his admission into the seraglio. The news reached Iffraim, who ordered Seim to be immediately brought to him. While his slaves hastened to obey his orders, he meditated on what tortures he should undergo; but, when he appeared, the beauty of his person, the softness of his manners, together with his manly calmness and resignation to his fate,

moved Iffraim in his favour, and he desired him to speak what he had to say in his defence.

Seim then made a confession of his sex, and related the motives that instigated Azela to the discovery, with all its attendant circumstances, and she was immediately dismissed the seraglio. He then declared that he had avoided to speak of other circumstances, which he feared would only pain him, because they had reached the ears of his attendants, but that he would readily disclose if he commanded him. Iffraim desired to be left alone with Seim, who then disclosed fully his love for Eleonora, carefully concealing, at the same time, his mother's name, and attributing his love for Eleonora as the only reason for having procured admission into the seraglio.

Iffraim

Ishraim questioned him where he had seen Eleonora. He said, that he was passing by at the moment in which she alighted at the palace, and he had determined to risk his life by obtaining admission into the seraglio, and wait on her as her servant. This he had fortunately effected, but that he had in no one instance, either in word, look, or action, abused his situation: but he well knew the forfeit, and that he was prepared to die. "I have seen," said he, "all the beauty of the world combined in one person, and I now shall go and be blessed with happiness eternal, in the bosoms of those angels, of which her's is a prototype, promised by our holy Alli, as I have been good."

Ishraim smiled within himself at his juvenile presumption, but he felt no resentment: he was conscious of the su-

periority of Eleonora's beauty, and believed Seim's tale, which fanned the flame in his own bosom.*

The mind thus excited to affection was not disposed to dictate or pronounce punishment. Ifraim instantly recalled to

* It is difficult to judge of the extent of passion in more southern climates. The original conveys an idea of which delicacy enforced the suppression. A similar passage is to be met with in the works of one of the most celebrated authors of the Spanish nation. A lady speaks in the following words : "*Turbè noticia*
 " *el Rey de mi hermosura llamome ante si, y pregun-*
 " *tome de que parte de Espagna era : Dixe le el lugar,*
 " *temerosa de que non le cegasse my hermosura. Estan-*
 " *do con migo en estas platicas ; le llegaron a dezir,*
 " *como venia con migo, uno de los mas gallandos y her-*
 " *mosos mancebos que se podía imaginar. Luego*
 " *entendí que le dezian por Don G . . . cuya belleza*
 " *se dexa atras las mayores que encarecer se pueden.*
 " *Turbè me considerando el peligro que Don G . . .*
 " *corría, porque entre a aquellos barbaros Turcos, en mas*
 " *se tiene y estima un muchacho o mancebo hermoso que*
 " *una muger por bellissima que sea. Mando luego el*
 " *Rey que se ce truxessen allí delante para ver*
 " *ie.*" — C.

his

his recollection the situation in which he himself had been in, a situation next to madness, and he ordered Seim to be confined, and to wait his final decision.

Some letters from his mother Zorainda were intercepted during Seim's confinement, and delivered to Ifraim. Their meaning was not entirely intelligible. Seim was ordered before him; and, on his declaring that such letters had fallen into his hands, and that he desired a farther confession, Seim suspected that he was already acquainted with the whole design, and that he only desired his answer to try his truth, confessed his guilty intention instigated by his mother, and owned that Eleonora's beauty had saved her. Ifraim took him in his arms, and told him he forgave him; that he forgave his mother, whose revenge proceeded from jealousy: and, to convince him of his pardon and his reconciliation, he said he would

would immediately settle a part of his estate on him.

This truly generous conduct was followed by another act of kindness: at the request of Seim, Azela was restored to her situation. Zorainda was made happy when she heard that the discovery had so fortunate a termination.

At this juncture of affairs, Moles arrived at Constantinople. All his inquiries about Eleonora were, for a long time, attended with no success. Iziluf felt so much interest in the discovery, that he generously spent an immense sum of money in order to obtain satisfactory information of her being in the seraglio of the grand seignior.

When he had ascertained that she was not there, it gave them great satisfaction, as the intelligence carried along with it a hope of more easily obtaining her from
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an individual than from the seraglio of the sultan. While they anxiously waited the answers to their different letters, wherein they had requested to know by what means Eleonora had been conveyed, and to whom she had been entrusted, Iziluf was informed that his agents had received some bales of merchandize to be forwarded to the Bashaw Ifraim at Constantinople, and, very shortly after, a letter, with the communication of Eleonora's person being entrusted to the same Ifraim to present to the grand seignior.

The punishment attendant on the detaining her, even a moment beyond the necessary time of her delivery, was such as induced them to believe that they were falsely informed, when they were assured that she was not in the possession of the sultan. The character, too, of Ifraim, his rank in the state, his fortune, his own seraglio, of which they had
heard

heard an account, and the number of women contained in it, contributed to corroborate their conjectures.

Their doubts, and their desire to serve Gomez, stimulated their attention, and they were not remiss in their pursuit. The next step to be taken was to obtain some truly creditable information of the state of Ifraim's household.

Iziluf waited on the bashaw to give him an account of the lately-arrived merchandize, and to announce to him the arrival of his own. Ifraim was pleased with Iziluf's manners; and, finding him a sensible well-informed man, he desired the pleasure of being acquainted with him. This was a happy introduction, and promised to lead to the desired end. Moles was likewise introduced to the bashaw, by his friend Iziluf, as an Englishman and a philosopher, who travelled for his amusement, and

and had come to study the manners and customs of the Turks at Constantinople.

Israhim, as was intimated before, had resided some time in England, and had acquired a little of the language. Moles was not a disagreeable introduction. All foreigners met with an easy admission to his society and acquaintance, on a letter of introduction. Israhim was made acquainted with the ladies, who were frequently invited on parties of pleasure.

The seraglio was shewn to Moles, where he saw the first beauties of Persia, Georgia, Circassia, and Mauritania, and looked in vain for Eleonora. Some hours were spent in conversation after the visit had been made, and chiefly related to the seraglio, and the happiness that Israhim must experience in the enjoyment of so many beauties: but Israhim said that he had but little; that time
in

in which he had had the most had gone by; the time in which the senses had a wonderful aptitude to be affected in the most lively manner. He said the time was passed in which his desires were at their height; lively, tumultuous, and inspiring an insatiable curiosity: now his desires were damped, his curiosity weakened, and his occupations fixed: he saw all the women, that Moles had noticed with admiration, with an eye of indifference.

The same topic was frequently their subject of conversation, and Ifraim always discovered that he had made men and manners his study. His philosophical and ethical reflections were grounded on experience: his opinions he put in practice, as much as it was in his power, and his conduct proved them sincere. On this account, he had exhibited his *seraglio* to a foreigner with as much readiness as an Englishman would his stable,

stable, or a Frenchman, in the *ancien régime*, the *boudoir* of *madame*. Ifraim was above the prejudices of his countrymen.

From what motive it is difficult to account, but, at length, he one day told Moles he had seen, as he thought, all; yet there remained one object, whom he had not seen, who, in his eyes, at first had appeared beautiful, but in whom, since he had been more conversant with her mind, he had discovered more divine attributes than those transitory and evanescent features that belong to the exterior.

Moles was at first surprised at Ifraim's declaration, and was in hopes that it was Eleonora that he meant. On a farther description, he discovered she was fair and not tall. Ifraim promised him that he should see her. Moles went home, exulting with joy at the communication,

communication, and imparted it to Iziluf, his wife, and Sophia.

Their happiness, on the imaginary discovery, entirely occupied them for the rest of the day: no other subject was discussed but the method to be followed if their conjectures were true: all other business was put aside, and no one was admitted. Moles was repeatedly solicited by the women to use all his endeavours to recover her, and enjoined as frequently to be as assiduous in his visits as diligent in his attentions to the bashaw, as if his affection for Gomez had not been a sufficient motive to operate on his activity or assist his pursuit.

The next day, Moles waited on I-frain, who had not forgotten his promise, and asked him if he was desirous of seeing the lady he had described. Moles appeared indifferent; but, as the
desire,

desire, if there was any, was on the side of Iffraim, he said he would not disappoint him.

What could be the motive that thus prompted him to exhibit the woman he loved? — The women, among the Turks, are carefully concealed: with them, their exhibition is a species of prostitution. He ran the risk of a discovery: Moles might have been a relative; he was an acquaintance: he could have demanded her restitution; and, in case of refusal, could have exposed his proceedings to the grand seignior, and he would have been condemned to an ignominious death. At that time, death would have been more displeasing than formerly. What was the motive? Was it consistent with Eleonora's delicate feelings? Would she have assented if she had been consulted? Was her happiness increased, or, rather, her misery alleviated, by shewing her to a stranger?

ger? Or was it his vanity alone that desired him to elevate himself in Moles's opinion by displaying his possessions? He desired his good opinion, as if good was no longer so to him unless thus estimated by the world. Whatever was the motive, he left Moles with the intention of introducing Eleonora.

He returned, and conducted Moles, through two or three apartments, into one in which he told him he might expect the lady; and left him a second time. Moles's expectation was now raised to a point that it could not exceed: his fears equalled his hopes; for, if it should be another person, where could he look for Eleonora? At length, the distant sound of the shutting of a door announced her approach: the door of the room, in which he was, was opened with ceremony, and he saw Iffraim leading a lady, whom he thought was Eleonora: the Turkish dress deceived him; and,

and, in the same instant, he corrected his opinion, and owned to himself that he was deceived. They drew nearer to him, and he was confirmed in his first opinion.

He concealed, with difficulty, the agitations of his mind; and, as she turned bashfully from his looks, she had not noticed him on her first appearance; but, immediately that she directed her eyes to Moles, and was confirmed in her suspicion, she fainted.

Ifraim and Moles placed her on a couch, and she soon recovered. When she came to herself, she turned her eyes languishingly on Moles, and stretched out her beauteous arms to receive him in her virtuous embrace.

Ifraim was much surprised, but attributed her conduct to a knowledge of Moles either as a relative, friend, or lover.

lover. As his wife was at Constantinople, he did not believe that he was a lover, but a brother; and, as he remarked that she seemed to be acquainted with Moles, he would not interrupt her in her conversation, and he retired.

Immediately on his leaving the room, Eleonora inquired for Gomez and her children: first, if they lived, and where? and if they were well? and how he had come to Constantinople, and by what means he discovered where she was? where was his wife and Fanny? He answered to all her inquiries, and that he only had come to Constantinople in pursuit of her; and, when he had obtained her liberty, he intended to return.

Ifraim again made his appearance; and his affection, though it had abated of its first force, was visibly apparent
to

to Moles. He inquired, with that interest that is easily read, how she found herself, and Moles was revolted at his intimacy. He spoke to Eleonora in the most tender manner: he brought some refreshment, which he used to her temples, and then led her to her apartments.

When he returned, he complimented Moles on the impression that he made on so much beauty, and inquired when he had before seen her, and if he was a relation. As he had not concerted with Eleonora on any statement that should be made in case of the bashaw's inquiries, and as he feared that, on any interrogation made to her, she would naturally expose the truth, which would confront his declaration, he determined to make an exposition that would agree with her's, and he related circumstances as they really were.

He told him she was the wife of one of the dearest friends he had, whose grief, in consequence of the loss of her, he would not attempt to describe, but would leave Ifraim to judge of it by his own sensations. He said, that Eleonora's great sensibility was the cause of her illness; a number of ideas rushed on her mind at his sight; and told him, that, when she had recovered, the subject of their conversation was concerning her husband and her children.

Ifraim doubted this account; and, the more he reflected, he thought it the more impossible that her swoon should have been the effect of seeing Moles, who was only the friend of her husband: he became jealous, and mistrusted every syllable that Moles had related.

Ifraim

Ifraim had so much of Asiatic character and manners as to be able to always conceal the inward sensations of his mind. He had a perfect command of his countenance: it was impossible to mark in his face those sensations of jealousy that began to corrode his heart.

The time that Moles passed in his society was marked with no other change than that of increasing his civilities and attention; and, when he took his leave, he expressed his regret at the insensible lapse of time, and parted with him with well-disguised cordiality and affection.

He then repaired to Eleonora, and appeared unanxious, with all stoic apathy, divested of every mental perturbation, and directed his conversation to the

K 2

point

point that he desired to attain the knowledge of.

When he discovered that her account was conformable to the relation that Moles had before made, his conclusions were decisive of his first opinions. Had Eleonora's narrative deviated in the smallest manner, he would have been left still in doubt; but, as they coincided, it was a concerted plan, and their agreement made his torture.

He expressed a pleasure to her, on hearing that her account had not in the least differed with that of Moles, who had raised himself in his good opinion in consequence. Eleonora entreated his permission to see her friend again in the most ingenuous manner, and thanked him sincerely when he granted her request.

When

When Moles returned home, he informed Iziluf and the ladies of his success. They had now every reason to give themselves up to the most flattering hopes. He wrote the same day to Gomez, to communicate the success of his undertaking: he told his friend that, in spite of the distress that Eleonora had experienced, she appeared to him more beautiful than she had ever been. The recluse and quiet life that she led contributed to the embellishment of her person. He expatiated on the generous and manly mind of Ifraim, and assured him that he had not the least doubt of being able to compass the means of obtaining her, and to bring her back to his arms.

The letter reached Gomez at a moment that he was reading a lecture to his children, and he communicated to the boys the pleasing news that mamma

was found, and, he hoped, would soon return.

Though Eleonora had now been separated from him for seven long years, his affection had in no manner abated: the intelligence threw him into a fever that was of some duration. He determined to set off for Constantino-ple; but, when the fever had left him, he changed his mind; and, as the affection and friendship of Moles had been tried, he determined to leave the execution of the business entirely to him. He dispatched an answer as soon as he had recovered, and enclosed a letter to his wife.

His impatience was of such a nature, on so dear a subject as her return, that he had no sooner dispatched his letter than he waited the answer, as if the time had lapsed to justify his expectation.

Gomez,

Gomez, by an uncommon strength of mind, had made himself conformable to what was likely to become his permanent situation, previous to the receipt of Moles's letter. He had every reason to imagine that his Eleonora was no more, or that, if she existed, it was not for him. These reflections wrung his heart; and, though he resisted them, yet they preyed on him, and injured even an athletic constitution: his only ambition was then to educate his children: as soon, however, as he heard of Eleonora's situation, all his former affection was instantly excited, all the flames of love raged in his breast, and not unmixed with the madness of jealousy at the bawhaw's possession.

He rejected the torturing idea: he knew that he possessed Eleonora's heart, and disdained to think farther: he knew,

K 4

that,

that, once rivetted by an impassioned affection to her very soul, soldered to her heart, it was impossible to disunite him.

O power of affection! that attaches us to life, even when its stage represents but an eternal scene of the tortures of the mind!

Very general experience has established a maxim that is almost proverbial, that separations, when of short duration, animate our affections, but that a long absence causes their extinction. Gomez was under no apprehension that Eleonora could have adopted this opinion; for, he had reason to place her above her sex. It was reserved for Gomez and Eleonora to prove, that this rule, like every other, is subject to an exception. It was impossible for Eleonora to betray herself, or perjure herself by acting contrary to those oaths so often sworn

sworn and so often repeated: oh yes! it was impossible: Gomez was her security, and Eleonora his: adversity had never subdued her constancy, and it was more impossible, when united to the most noble and the most generous of all our passions.

Such were the pleasing dreams that filled Gomez's mind when he had dispatched the letter to his loved Eleonora. Moles, in the mean time, left no means untried by which he should again obtain the permission of seeing and speaking to her: this was attended with some difficulty, as the bashaw had grown jealous, and the conformity of their relation had increased it: he suspected that they had concerted some plan to deceive him between them, by declaring that there existed no other tie than that by which Moles was prompted, the tie of friendship, that bound him to interest himself deeply for the

welfare of every one that was connected with him.

Moles saw Ifraim, two days after his visit, at a public place, and perceived, from his cold reception and his manners towards him, that he had changed his opinion of him, and suspected that the interview with Eleonora had raised his jealousy. He took no notice of the change, but talked to him as usual, and urged those subjects which he found Ifraim to be most pleased with. At length, after some conversation, the subject changed to the seraglio, and Moles did not avoid talking to him on the matter: he extolled the beauties of which he was in possession, told him of his happiness, and gratified his vanity. Moles said they had all made the strongest impression on him: so much beauty was too much to look on. He then suggested to him the singularity in meeting thus, by chance, with the wife of his friend Gomez.

Moles's

Moles's discourse was so simple, so unvarnished, that Ifraim began to censure his own wild conjectures, and to attribute them to his passion. He was sensible of the coldness with which he had received Moles, and endeavoured to apologize for the effect, by appearing more than usually warm and friendly. He pressed him to come with him the same evening to supper, which Moles declined, but accepted his invitation for the next day. Ifraim promised him that he should see the fair slave: Moles smiled; and, though that was an unexpected pleasure, it was not of that kind that Ifraim conjectured.

The next day Moles waited on Ifraim, who had prepared a splendid entertainment, which was made more so by the presence of Eleonora. The conversation was languid from Eleonora's taciturnity; she had much to say to Moles,

but was prevented by the presence of Ifraim and his son. At last an opportunity presented itself to talk to Moles of her husband and her children. Some tumult had arisen out of the palace that required the presence of Ifraim to suppress it. The bashaw left Eleonora and Moles with Seim, whose ignorance of the Spanish language afforded them an opportunity of the freest converse. The subject of her connections had so raised her feelings, that Ifraim found her in tears on his return.

This situation again raised his suspicions; but, without being too importunate and too solicitous, he expressed his concern for her situation, and looked, however, indignant, as he suspected the cause was owing to Moles.

When the dinner was over, Ifraim's impatience could no longer be restrained: he drew Seim aside, and asked him many

ny questions relative to Eleonora's confusion. What had been the subject of Moles's conversation during his absence? what were the demonstrations of his anxiety? how had he looked? how he had spoken? were among the questions that his jealousy prompted him to make. They were all made with so much rapidity, and in so much passion, that Seim had not time to make a reply before he had run through them all; and, when he told him that their conversation had been in Spanish, his agitation was soon at its height.

Ifraim meditated, after this interview, nothing less than the most cruel revenge on Moles. He imparted his design to Seim, and the motives that urged him to murder the stranger. He expatiated on the criminal intercourse that he was confident existed between them, and bound his son to the execution of his horrid purpose. As soon, however, as
the

the design was imparted to him, he shrunk from it with horror.

Had it been an ordinary person, Seim was not so hardened in wickedness as to execute so barbarous a deed; but, when the idea of Eleonora's interest was attached to the object on which he was to enact it, he recoiled at the thought: he still loved Eleonora.

Zorainda came to Constantinople; and, though happy that Seim's discovery had not terminated in his death, her jealousy at the preference shewn to Eleonora had so much increased, that she was determined to execute the design, the commission of which she had communicated to Seim, and from whom she had received the promise of its performance. She sent for her son immediately on her arrival, and requested a satisfactory account of his proceedings from himself, of which she had heard but partially,

partially, and not distinctly the whole of them.

Seim, naturally timid, but frightened at the angry looks of his mother, hesitated for some time to gratify her impatience with a circumstantial detail. The pause that Zorainda made to suffer him to begin was interrupted by herself, and she reproached him for his hesitation, asked him if he meditated falsehood to soothe her with; and added, that, if he varied a tittle from the truth, that she would discover and punish him with unexampled severity.

She reproached him for his effeminacy and his unmanly softness, telling him, that she believed he had not only taken the language and manners of the female with the dress, but also the heart of a woman. Seim was much affected by this reproach; and, as she cast her eyes on his hand, she discovered a ring, which

which heightened her suspicions and inflamed her more than ever. She suspected that it came from Eleonora, and desired him to tell her whose gift it was, and if it was not given to him by the favourite slave. He denied that it was given to him by Eleonora, but in such a manner as to excite still stronger suspicions. She desired to look at it; and, as conversant in the value of jewels, she deemed it valuable, and insisted on knowing the donor.

Seim, thus harassed by this waking jealousy of his mother, related to her how his sex had been discovered by the wicked Azela, and the consequent treatment of the bashaw. Zorainda, whose imagination ran away with her reason, was in the greatest expectation that she should discover something that might stimulate her to the accomplishment of her foul purpose; and, being disappointed, was offended.

Zorainda

Zorainda continued, for some time, in all the paroxysms of suppressed passion; but, at length, drawing a dagger from her garment, she rushed on Seim, and upbraided him with his pusillanimity and his perfidy, and lifted her arm with an intent to put an end to him.

Seim reached out his hand, and opposed her arm, but not with any violence, declaring, at the same time, that his life was indifferent to him; but desired, that, if it was her intention to kill him, she would hear him but for a few moments, and that he might make a full confession of his whole guilt previous to his death. Zorainda desired him to proceed. Seim then confessed to her that Ifraim had exacted a promise from him to murder the stranger that appeared so zealous in Eleonora's interest; but that he had de-
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fired his assent previous to the declaration of his wishes.

Zorainda, immediately after this information, changed her intention: the thought of converting Moles to her purpose, by declaring to him the previous intention of Ifraim, which she conjectured would weigh sufficiently with any one, satisfied and appeased her passion. Besides, the shame attendant on the perpetration of such a deed by a son was, by this alternative, done away, the hideousness of which she had never before thought of. Zorainda made excuses to her son for her conduct, and desired him to attribute the cause of it to her distracted mind.

The next day Moles received an invitation from a lady: an anonymous letter, and in an unknown hand, desiring him to be at an appointed place at a certain hour. Moles was surprised at the

the singularity of such a desire; but, from curiosity, he determined to accept it, and to go. He went, and found Zorainda, who prefaced her solicitation by an apology, and thanked him for having complied with her desire.

She then proceeded to enter into particularities which greatly surprised Moles. She told him she was well acquainted with the intimacy that subsisted between him and Eleonora, and related some circumstances generally, but in such a manner as indicated a more thorough acquaintance than she actually had: at length, she told him she was well informed of his designs; but added, that, if he wanted either assistance of one who was capable of access to the seraglio, or money, that he need but command her, and he would find how really she embraced his interest.

Zorainda

Zorainda then told him of the danger to which he was exposed, and the intention of the bashaw to put him to death. Moles would not have believed this latter circumstance, had not the previous information, the whole of which he knew to be true, wrought on his mind, and forced him to credit it.

Moles was then transported with indignation, and expressed his passion to Zorainda. He declared that he had no more connection with Eleonora than that of friendship; and Zorainda, though she doubted the profession, declared that she was confident of his truth and his honour. He said, that no exchange of look had given ground for such a suspicion; that all their conversation had never been out of the subject of her family, and the health of her husband and children; that Eleonora's examination had been confronted with his, and they

they had both corroborated the testimony of each other; and that the bashaw was a depraved and bad man to have entertained even a suspicion, and a wicked one to have planned such singular revenge.

Zorainda assented to all that Moles said, and irritated him to punish Iffraim in the same manner in which he had meditated his destruction.

Though Moles was naturally prompted to take the course that Zorainda pointed out, as if in his own defence, yet, determined to arm himself, and to place himself on his guard from the attack of an assassin, he nobly disdained it.

When Zorainda perceived that he seemed not to understand her, and to remain in suspense, she repeated the proposition with much composure, and desired

desired his answer; and, on finding that he was struck with disgust and horror at the proposition, she suppressed her passion, intending that the execution of her design, which had been twice rejected, should not be left in the power of any one to again refuse it, and turned the conversation with Moles on the best means by which Eleonora's escape from the seraglio might be effected. This subject Moles embraced with rapture. Zorainda perceived his transport, and determined that, if he approved of attempting her escape, she, at the same time, would accomplish her revenge, which would be attributed to one of the accomplices of Moles, whose success would give colour to the presumption.

This was so unexpected and so flattering a plan, that Moles could not immediately trust himself to believe that Zorainda was sincere in her proposal. He

He conceived that any woman, who was capable of making the offer that she had before suggested, was, at least, to be mistrusted in an undertaking in which she could have no interest, and in which no advantage could accrue to herself. He turned over and over again in his mind these reflections, when he had left her, and a variety of causes presented themselves whereby he concluded that she had been actuated.

Her person had the remains of great beauty, and Moles conceived that her motives proceeded from jealousy, but its alternate changes from hate to love were seldom the cause of such signal revenge. There is a nobleness of sentiment, that is usually the concomitant of this passion, that restrains from the commission of a base crime, even when hatred has attained the whirlwind of passion: this motive, as he was ignorant of the relationship that subsisted between

tween Ifraim and Zorainda, was set aside, and he imparted the subject of his interview to Iziluf, who was equally as incapable of explaining the enigma.

Moles, however, determined to wait the issue, and to go again to the place appointed for their second interview. During the interval, Ifraim had persevered in his intention of killing Moles, and had communicated the whole of his design to Seim, who had carried it to his mother. Moles cautiously intimated a wish to know by what means Zorainda had obtained this information. She told him that she had no hesitation to declare the means whereby she had come to the knowledge of it, if she could ascertain that he had no intention any farther than the protection of his person; that she required no more from him than his word.

Moles

Moles gave her his honour, at the same time drawing his sabre and kissing it, that the information that she should be pleased to give him should never be revealed.

Zorainda smiled, and inclined her head, indicatory of her assent to his request, and, relying on his honour, she related to him that she had it from her own son, who was so much in the confidence of the bashaw, that he was charged with the conduct of the affair; and promised him, that, if he had the rescue of Eleonora at his heart, and would repair to the same place the next day, she would introduce her son to him, and finally resolve on the intended execution.

Moles replied that he would wait on her again. That answer laid him under no obligation to proceed beyond what was consistent with the principles of honour.

Some ideas, however, arose in his mind, and he doubted Zorainda's sincerity: yet every thing was to be attempted for the recovery of the wife of his friend.

He went the next day at the appointed hour, and was much surprised when Zorainda presented Seim, whom he had dined with at Ifraim's. The whole mystery was immediately explained, and he instantly perceived that his first suspicions were true, and that her designs arose from jealousy.

Eleonora was her rival: but, as chance, not choice, had placed her in the situation in which she was, her jealousy sought revenge on Ifraim.

Seim recapitulated Zorainda's discourse, and added, that his conversation with Ifraim in the morning had been on the subject,

subject, and that, in three days from that time, Moles was to receive an invitation from the bashaw.

This information gave Moles great pleasure, as the acceptance of the invitation would corroborate the truth of Seim's assertion. Zorainda then asked Moles if he was afraid to accept the invitation, and to wait on the bashaw? who replied, by no means; that he would only place himself on his guard, and take very little more precaution than what he had usually done.

Zorainda then applauded his courage, and told him, that, at the moment that her son should announce the death, he should effect his escape with Eleonora. When Moles returned home, he found the invitation from Ifraim, corresponding exactly with what he had heard from Seim. He communicated every thing to Iziluf, who, for fear of danger, solicited

to be near the palace in case of any emergency.

The day being arrived, Moles repaired to the palace. On his entrance, he was received by Seim, who was dressed in the character of a janissary, who ushered him into an apartment near to Eleonora's. Seim desired that, for form, he would remain there some time: he consented, but not without some suspicion of treachery. After a short time, Eleonora appeared, attended by Azela and two Turks, who, by their dress and the nobleness of their deportment, appeared men of distinction. After saluting Moles, one of the Turkish gentlemen told her in Spanish that she was free, and that a boat near the garden was ready to obey her orders, and carry her and her lover wherever they desired.

This was pleasing intelligence: Moles rose, and conducted Eleonora, while Azela

zela shewed them the way. Seim bade them farewell, and added, that he hastened to Iffraim to acquaint him with the execution of his orders.

While they were crossing a yard, a sudden clamour arose, that was more distinctly heard owing to the stillness that reigned around; and they perceived two men running towards them. Moles instantly drew his sabre, and they instantly threw themselves on their knees, imploring his mercy. He asked them the occasion of their prostrated posture, but they were so terrified that speech had left them, and they pointed to that part of the palace whence the noise issued, and which had now increased.

Moles turned his head and gave a look at Eleonora, who had fainted in the arms of Azela, and proceeded to the place of confusion.

He met several of the servants of the bashaw flying in the greatest fright, and proceeded. At length he came to the apartment. On his entrance, his eyes were caught by a figure on the ground that seemed to be in the last agonies of death. On approaching the body, he discovered Iffraim, from whom the blood issued. He had been mortally wounded in the breast. Moles desired the attendants to raise him to a sofa.

He was just sensible enough to recollect Moles, and indicated his surprise by his attention. He told him he had wronged him, and that he desired his forgiveness. That he had plotted his death, and that he thought he had accomplished his intention; but was happy that he lived, and desired that he would take his loved Eleonora and protect her; and indicated to the attendant his desire that such a chest should be brought, which

which he presented to Moles, and told him that there was treasure sufficient to make him eternally happy.

At the moment that Ifraim was saying these few words to Moles, Zorainda and her son appeared; and, in the weak state that he was, he appeared pleased with their appearance. He shewed great contrition when Zorainda approached, and it was evident that she had formerly possessed his affections. He left the bulk of his fortune to Zorainda and her son.

Moles conjectured that the death of the bashaw had been the contrivance of Zorainda. The proposals that she had made to himself, and the evident agitation, confusion, and sorrow, which appeared even then the effect of repentance, inclined him to credit his suspicion.

Zorainda thanked Moles sincerely for having defended the bashaw, though in vain. The attendants had reported that he attempted his defence. Her expressions of obligation were, however, accompanied with regret that his efforts had been ineffectual.

Moles returned to Eleonora, whose sensibility had been much excited at his sudden departure, and had been in tremulous agitation during the whole time of his absence.

When Moles explained the cause of his stay, and the assassination of Ifraim, Eleonora was much affected. Moles reconducted her to her apartments in the palace; and, the thoughts of her being again in the place that she had felt so much joy on quitting, assisted her in recovering her spirits, and she desired that Moles would take her to his wife
and

and Fanny. He complied, and the sweet friends once more embraced each other.

Zorainda sent a message the next day, entreating the favour of Moles to wait on her with Eleonora. This request was complied with; and, as Zorainda imagined that Moles had a strong suspicion of the person who caused the death of the bashaw, she made Eleonora a very handsome present, thinking that the gift would prevent his divulging the secret. They parted with great cordiality; for, Moles's suspicions were never confirmed.

Gomez was now informed of the success of Moles's undertaking, and once more kissed Eleonora's letters to nothing. The news was so pleasing to him, that, had he not received her letters, he had disbelieved the account of her liberation. But every line was an

assurance and an undoubted pledge that her person was free, and that her thoughts alone were in slavery, captives to her affections for her Gomez.

He instantly dispatched letters to Eleonora and Moles, and desired that they would return with all possible expedition, and that he would immediately set out for Marseilles and wait their arrival.

Gomez' answers arrived on the eve of their embarkation. Iziluf's affairs were in such a situation, that he could not leave Smyrna with Moles; but he was obliged to promise them that, as soon as his affairs could be arranged, he would settle himself and family with them in the south of France.

It was, however, a great disappointment to their happiness to leave Iziluf and Fanny behind; but there was
no

no remedy. They took leave, and set sail.

Fanny had committed her eldest daughter to the care of Eleonora, with her wishes that her eldest son might be united to her in marriage.

Gomez obtained a promise from the governor, that, on a proper inspection of the ships, his wife and friends should not be submitted to the required quarantine.

Gomez remained constantly on the watch for the arrival of the vessel; and, to one that fears and hopes, time is severely felt.

One evening, after Gomez was tired of watching and walking on the pier, and had retired home, the vessel arrived at Marseilles; and it was not till the following morning early that the

governor dispatched a servant to him, informing him of her arrival.

The governor performed his promise; and, after inspection had been made, the quarantine of the four passengers, *viz.* Moles, Eleonora, Sophia, and Fanny's daughter, Zeidly, was dispensed with; though their goods and trunks, and all their apparel, were obliged to perform quarantine.

Gomez could not believe it possible that plague could inhabit in so pure and spotless a person as that of Eleonora. He went to the shore, and waited anxiously till the inspection was performed, and was at length pleased to see a boat put out from the vessel with the dear partner of his heart. Eleonora soon distinguished Gomez on the shore, and waved her handkerchief, as a signal of her delicious transport.

A few strokes of the oars soon brought the boat to the shore. Gomez suppressed his sensations, and was sufficiently master of himself: he walked to the boat, and said he would lift her out. Eleonora clasped him in her arms, ejaculated his name in a wild manner, and, with a scream, fell in a swoon in his embrace. Gomez changed colour, and desired assistance to support her. He was too weak to hold her. Moles ran to their assistance, frightened at Eleonora's appearance, and dreading that the result might be fatal to her. He attempted to separate Eleonora and Gomez, but without effect. Her arms were twined round him, and knotted so fast together that it was in vain to try to separate them.

The boys called on her to gladden them with her return; and Gomez, who had overcome the effect of his fright, endeavoured

endeavoured to awaken her to life and love.

Gomez was at first ignorant of the dangerous situation in which she was; but her continuance in the same way excited his surprise and apprehensions. The crowd that had now gathered around them had no doubt of what he would not allow himself to suspect.

At length she seemed to be recovering; a languid pulse indicated signs of returning life. She evidently breathed again, or rather gasped for breath: the heavy eye-lid seemed to raise itself with difficulty, and the eye, though wanting all its former lustre, sought the object of her affections, to enjoy one last look before it was closed in death. Eleonora once more repeated "Gomez!" distinctly, and again the first syllable "Gom" — and died.

Her

Her unhappy Gomez was too much afflicted to be able to give his sorrow vent by speech. He remained motionless, dumb, and insensible.

The same evening, he grew delirious; and, soon after, raging mad. He grew better, became sensible, but was obstinate in refusing any sustenance, and died. Moles desired that they might be buried in the same coffin, with the following epitaph engraved on the top of it.

*Aqui yácen los cuerpos
De Gomez y Eleonora.
El uno por el otro vivieron,
El uno por el otro morieron.**

Moles paid the last duties to the ashes of his friend. Sophia wept at

* Here lie the bodies of Gomez and Eleonora. —
They lived and died for each other.

their

their misfortunes. The jewels, that had been bequeathed to Eleonora by Ifraim, he disposed of for her children, and laid out the money that he had acquired by the sale in land for them. He improved the purchase that Gomez had made, and adopted his children. Instead of proceeding to England, he determined to make a purchase of a farm near the small estate of his deceased friend, and by so doing he could attend to both.

Moles inherited the greatest part of Mr. Gonfalvo's property. Mrs. Gonfalvo left England to reside with her daughter and son-in-law.

Iziluf and Fanny arrived soon after the fatal catastrophe, and Zeidly was married to Gomez's eldest son.

THE END.



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